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AUGUST 20, 1955

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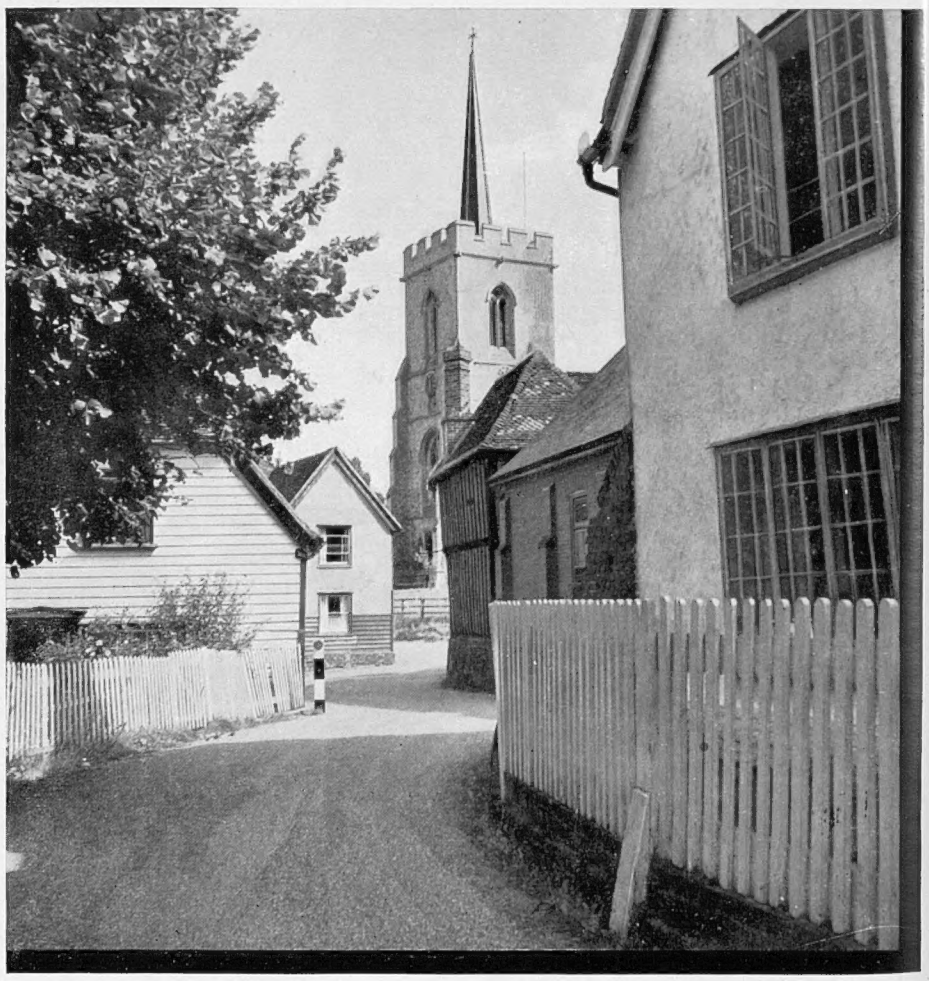

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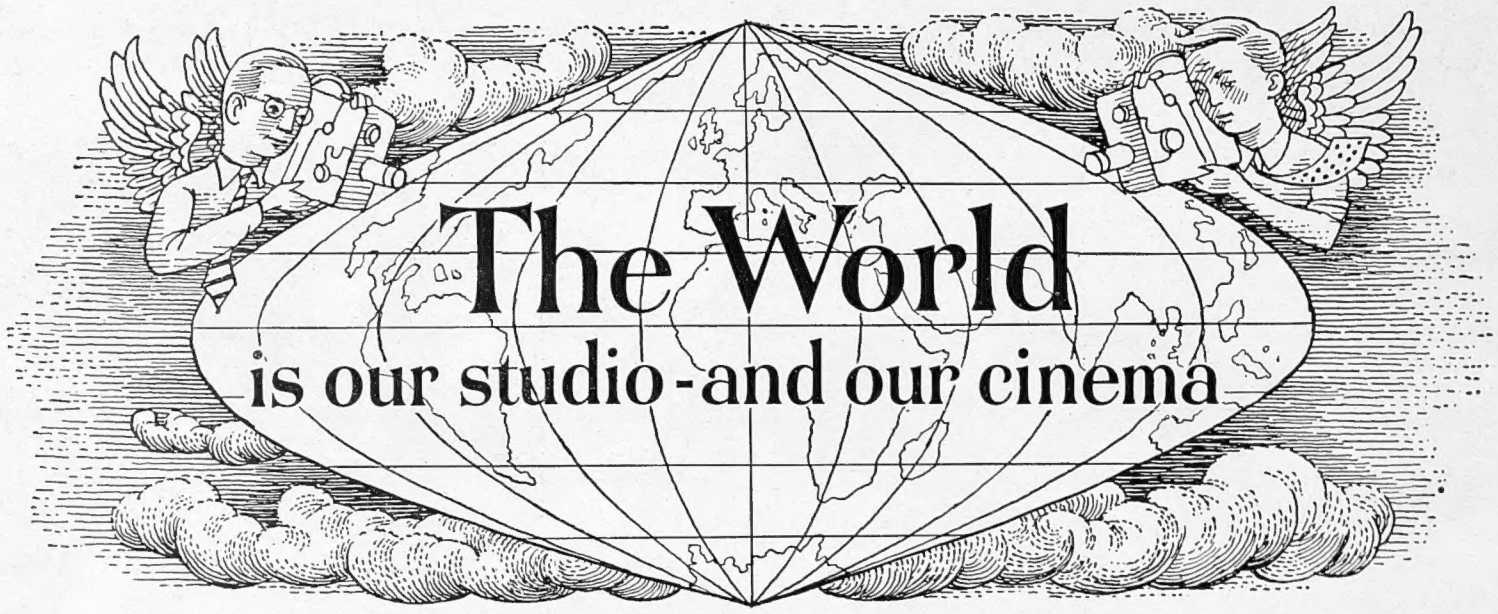
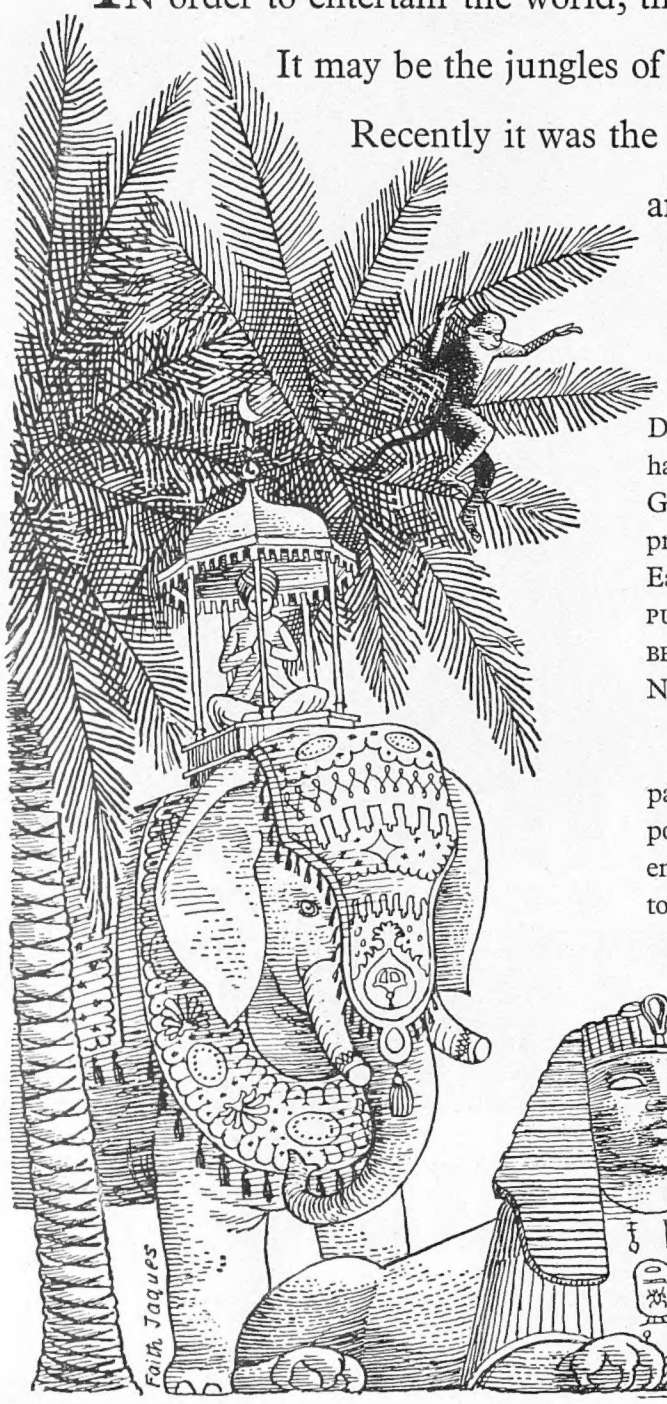


IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location. It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas. Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for DOCTOR AT SEA, produced by the team who made the record-breaking DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE.



ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

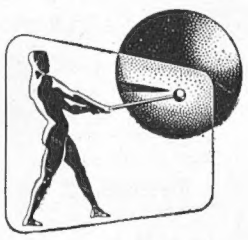
Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (WEST OF ZANZIBAR), Ceylon (THE PURPLE PLAIN, THE PLANTER'S WIFE and THE BEACHCOMBER), Italy (ROMEO AND JULIET) and New Zealand (THE SEEKERS).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern — a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

Volume CCXXII No. 2897

The SPHERE, London, August 20, 1955

The SPHERE

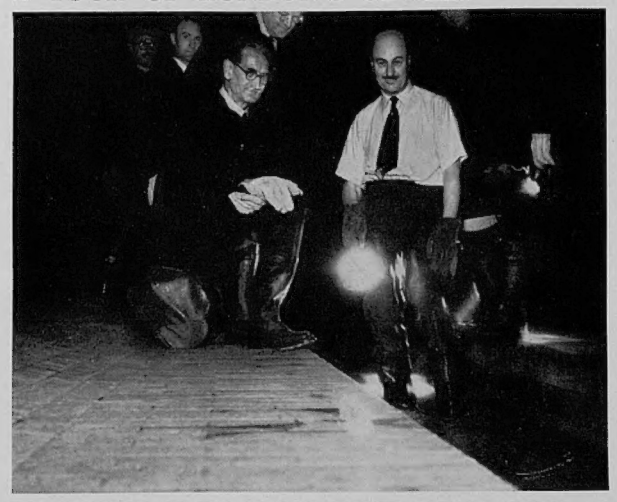
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PRINCESS MARGARET ON THE EVE OF HER TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHO CELEBRATES HER BIRTHDAY ON SUNDAY, ACCOMPANIES THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN TO BALMORAL FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY'S SUMMER HOLIDAY : She is seen with Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and Princess Anne, disembarking from H.M.Y. *Britannia* at Aberdeen at the end of the Royal Family's cruise round the coast of Scotland. Princess Anne celebrated her fifth birthday last Monday.

Three members of the Royal Family celebrate their birthdays this month. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is the first, and she is followed on the 15th of the same month by Princess Anne. The next member of the Royal Family with an August birthday is Princess Margaret, who celebrates hers on the 21st. Her Royal Highness, who will be twenty-five to-morrow (Sunday), will spend her birthday with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family at Balmoral. She arrived at the castle from Aberdeen last week-end after taking part in the Royal Family's cruise round the coast of Scotland. With her were the Queen's children, who had also disembarked from the Royal yacht at Aberdeen after travelling from Portsmouth. On leaving London earlier this month, Princess Margaret travelled to Caithness, where she stayed with the Queen Mother. From there she flew by helicopter and plane to Stranraer to join the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Wigtownshire, for the last part of the cruise in *Britannia*. (Pictures of recent Royal visits to Scotland and the Isle of Man will be found on pages 262 and 263.)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A TOUR OF LONDON'S SEWERS



THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SPENDS AN HOUR UNDER THE STREETS OF LONDON: Mr. Norman Prichard (centre, left) is seen with Mr. C. J. S. Anderson, the district engineer, during his tour of the main drainage system in the Vauxhall area. Just behind Mr. Prichard is Sir Harold Banwell, secretary of the Association of Municipal Corporations. The party descended a manhole in the pavement just west of Vauxhall Bridge and spent about an hour underground before emerging half a mile away.

PREPARING FOR THE ANTARCTIC

SIR EDMUND HILLARY INSPECTS EQUIPMENT FOR THE TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: Watched by Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, he is "modelling" an anorak especially designed and made in nylon furleen by "Astraka" for members of the expedition. The anorak forms the top half of complete suits made in 100 per cent. nylon. Sir Edmund is leader of the expedition, advance parties of which will be leaving for the Antarctic in November. They will prepare bases and reconnoitre inland.

LUNCHEON GUESTS IN LONDON

THE HEIR TO THE BAHREIN KINGDOM AND HIS BROTHER ARE ENTERTAINED AT THE RITZ: His Excellency the Sheikh Isa bin Sulman al Khalifa (left), son and heir of His Highness Sir Sulman bin Hamed al Khalifa, and his brother, Sheikh Khalifa bin Sulman al Khalifa, attended the luncheon party as the guests of the director of A.C.M.E. (Arabian Construction and Maintenance Engineering Company).

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Day of Reckoning.—The holiday spirit is with us, no doubt, but somehow I don't go off on my holiday in blinkers. I am in no doubt that a day of reckoning awaits our return and that it will be a long one. The international field may be relatively more cheerful, if not as smiling as our southern harvest fields; but our domestic economic field is not one to smile over. We have had warnings from high places. Lord Salisbury gave a very grim and outspoken one before Parliament rose. Mr. Butler's anxieties, if veiled, are not hidden. Inflation rushes on us and nothing can stop it in our present mood and practices. The vicious circle was never more active and terrible. The latest savage increase in coke prices and those of all the allied necessities must have inevitable consequences in still higher wage demands. The Government's efforts to curb public expenditure are countered by a new wage increase for grades in the Civil Service. Was it necessary? Why not? If we accept a condition of freedom from anxiety for all classes and pitch it fairly high (and higher than we can afford with our present notion of "reasonable" work), the Civil Servant is as much entitled to his "rights" as you or I or the old-age pensioner. None of us can live to-day within our means. This winter most of us will be pinched beyond anything we have experienced. A minority (which the hard-pressed majority regards as enormous) appears to live luxuriously and the social columnists love to advertise their luxuries. But they luxuriate by means of unconventional expedients. How many of the glossy Rolls-Royces which throng the bottlenecks of our large cities are bought out of surplus income; how many prosperous farmers could retire to-day in easy circumstances? The day of reckoning for all of us is sure and long and heavy. When it is over, we may start again with less exalted ideas of our rights and a clearer realism of our duties. We may even come to see that we shall be well advised to plant our feet firmly on the earth before reaching for the moon.

All Mad Together.—For my part, I believe we have been for far too long all mad together, leaders and led (or leaderless) alike. While the international field remained full of hideous craters and booby traps, I found excuses for our Government's concentration on foreign affairs. What use to holystone the decks and rub up the binnacle if our ship was driving fast on the rocks? But I expected the Government (with a decent majority) would start to show leadership in home affairs the moment the relief of Geneva gave them at least a respite. They had a golden chance when the strong reactions from the futility of the dock and railway strikes were clear to see in all classes. The Government had worked valiantly for peace in the international sphere. And, to be fair, in a leisurely manner it has begun to explore avenues and to concert half-measures to improve industrial relations and to cope with inflation at home. But what a negation of resolute leadership it all seems to date! The Government continues to be an "impartial observer." It passes the buck to other organisations. Some sinister threats made on behalf of the dockers, who are now earning what seems "good money" to some of us, suggests that any decision to improve the dock labour structure depends solely on their consent and might be resisted by a total dock strike. The banks are invited to curb inflation. The unions must settle whether the coal we need so vitally, coal which Britons can't or won't win, may be dug by foreigners who are ready and willing to work. The Government expresses its satisfaction that at last, after another savage increase in the price of solid fuels and their by-products, these necessities are finding their "fair economic levels." The housewife and the pensioner do not share this satisfaction. Everybody, from the Serviceman to the hospital managers, will want more money to-morrow. Ever since we won (or thought we won) the Second World War, we have been all mad together, believing that nothing could be too good for the victorious Briton, whether the country could afford it or no. His rights multiplied, his responsibilities vanished. A grateful country would see him through and secure his rights to shorter work, higher pay, more holidays, freedom from family responsibility, freedom to strike, freedom, indeed, to govern himself. And our Government, at the best of it, in the domestic field, sometimes seems to be the one-eyed man in a country of the blind.

The Dockers.—It is a life's job to comprehend dock labour problems. It is one of those British institutions which "just growed." It may be true, as I have been told, that dockers' strikes, official or not successful or not, are *unique* in that for the dockers it is "heads or tails I win." The guaranteed rate is low, naturally, and in normal times the unfit and the unskilled (whose security of employment is practically guaranteed as long as they wish to work) do not earn very high wages as wages go. But after a dock strike, even a lost one, the congestion of the docks ensures that even the unfit can earn in a week a month's wages. And they do. So it is that we hear of "£1,000 a year dock workers" at such times of congestion. Naturally it is only a temporary harvest, but the fit and the skilled can always earn good wages. Much of our business is going to Rotterdam and other more up-to-date ports. A look over some of these modernised ports does suggest that an inquiry into our own dock working is overdue and badly needed. We don't doubt that this body of workers, a heterogenous contingent of skilled men and of unfit men, can bring the nation's business to a dead stop. We don't doubt that a majority are reasonable, work (when work is not hampered by outside influences and restrictions) well and for long hours. We do doubt whether things should drift on as they are, with loss of business at the docks and a perpetual threat to the nation's life blood. There is every argument for a searching inquiry, and every justification, in the face of threats, for implementing any essential recommendations which may be made. A courageous Government still has an answer to an obstructive strike.

A LONDON LANDMARK TO BE MOVED

TATTERSALL'S ARCH AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE GREEN, KENSINGTON, IS TO BE TAKEN DOWN AND RE-ERECTED IN SUFFOLK: It will form part of Tattersall's Newmarket establishment. Their Kensington premises, once famous as a horse auction mart, are to be demolished to make way for an office building. Lately the premises have been used for storage purposes.

Renunciation of War.—Lord Beveridge before now, has propounded what seemed a remote ideal and lived to see it in practical use. His latest call for a Government's statement of its conditions for a declaration of renunciation of war may seem to be a remote ideal. Indeed, Lord Salisbury's message to the World Conference of Scientists made that clear. The British Government must not yet give official support to any conclusions or recommendations about nuclear weapons, partly because the Medical Research Council is still studying the medical aspects of radiation, partly because until disarmament of *conventional* as well as nuclear military force is safely in the bag, no Western Government dare abandon the last fearful loophole against enslavement. Lord Beveridge's plan envisaged a Government—the British, for choice—preparing a statement of the conditions (however difficult) on which it would be prepared to renounce war by any means, to submit it to Parliament for approval and then to the United Nations for examination. That ventilation in U.N. might induce other nations to make such statements and ultimately induce a majority to agree to vital changes of constitution and practice in the U.N.—that is to say, to turn itself a little more practically into a world Government. His plan can certainly do no harm, might do good. It must help, as these scientific conferences do, to inform public opinion of the nearness of the crater edge.

Offensive Weapons.—American visitors are annoyed by some of our regulations and obstinacies in our hotels. There is always the old iced-water grievance. And nowadays they resent the rule that forbids the use of electric razors in bathrooms. Bathroom electric insulation is much safer than it was (by regulation). But if poppa was shaving in the bathroom while momma was bathing, poppa might drop his razor in the bath by mistake. However . . . safety first is a GOOD THING, and I don't think our legal draughtsmen are very clear in their definitions and precautions. I had occasion the other day on the Bench, when dealing with a Teddy Boy who had pulled out an offensive weapon to threaten an innocent picnic party, to examine that act of 1953 concerning the carrying of offensive weapons in public places. Section 4 (I think it was) seemed to me curiously vague. The definitions of "offensive weapons" are not exact. A scout's knife is certainly an "offensive weapon" and I *could* kill a man with the penknife I use to behead my lupins. If the vicar, engaged with a sheath-knife on his seeded lupins, came on with the knife in his pocket to the village sports, could the police pull him in as an offender under Section 4? In principle, they could. The Act is absurdly vague. One must read into it a marriage between action and intention. The Teddy Boy drew his sheath-knife with intent to frighten or bully. The vicar might draw it to cut the tape-fastener in the three-legged race. But there is nothing definitely laid down in the act about criminal or innocent intent. It says you mustn't *carry* it in a public place and "it" can be sold by any shop and may be primarily intended for many innocent purposes.

Stanley Weyman.—So great is my debt to the good storytellers that I like to honour their centenaries. A century ago, in August 1855, was born Stanley Weyman, and I have derived pleasure from almost all his output. *Under the Red Robe* and the *Gentleman of France* were, of course, a part of our Victorian school education. The novels of his later days are my favourites, and two of them, *Chippinge* and *The Great House*, dealing with the only period of English history of which I know something worth knowing, are in tatters on my shelf from constant reading. He was not of the first rank, I suppose, but very few greater historical novelists were his masters at getting into the skin of his period. I have only one complaint about him. He revealed a certain *sadism* which I deplore in novels of his *genre*. Until the final happy issue, he loved to load his hero with misfortune and contumely. I confess to preferring the Masefield method in *Bird of Dawning*, wherein from start to finish the hero never puts a foot wrong. I like my hero to be an odds-on favourite from the flag to the post. But both Arthur Vaughan and Basset are dragged through the mud to their tardy triumphs, and my heart forever bleeds for them, even though I know the happy endings *verbatim*. Certainly we owe a debt to "briefless barristers." I was myself a briefless barrister, and I wish I could have turned my failure to become Lord Chancellor into so happy and glorious an achievement as did Weyman and Anthony Hope. Hope, it is true, was not "briefless." He could have succeeded in that career, but abandoned it for one more altruistic. These two turned the law to good account. They gave the greatest pleasure to the greatest number from generation to generation. What Lord Chancellor can make the same claim?

The Flicks.—The figures of cinema attendance during the first quarter of this year show another 5 per cent. drop overall. During the period, seat prices were raised, and taxation was reduced. The least to suffer were the middle-size houses. The small cinemas suffered most. It is to be remarked that this quarter did not coincide with our open-air festival. After a really glorious summer, I shall be surprised if the July–September figures are not infinitely more dismal. The counter-attractions of the open air and their reproduction on TV must have played havoc with cinema attendance in July. One can hardly be surprised that the small provincial cinemas felt the breeze most. They get the scrapings of the barrel. My own local cinema can be relied on as a chamber of horrors, a junk shop of unwanted scrap. If ever it receives a once popular film, it does so when that film is a distant memory. It is indeed a dusty and empty museum of archæological specimens whose uses and merits are undiscoverable. It is small wonder that, sited as it is, in a lovely town, the centre for visiting the loveliest scenery and the most lively sporting events, it plays to houses of twenty or less. And it is just possible that, apart from counter-attractions of sport and scenery in a golden summer, the taste of the public is at last improving and "the curse of Hollywood" at last coming home to roost. Now perhaps English audiences are beginning to show resentment at the long contempt for their taste and brains displayed by the wizards. Perhaps we are regaining an interest in real life as opposed to glutinous glamour.

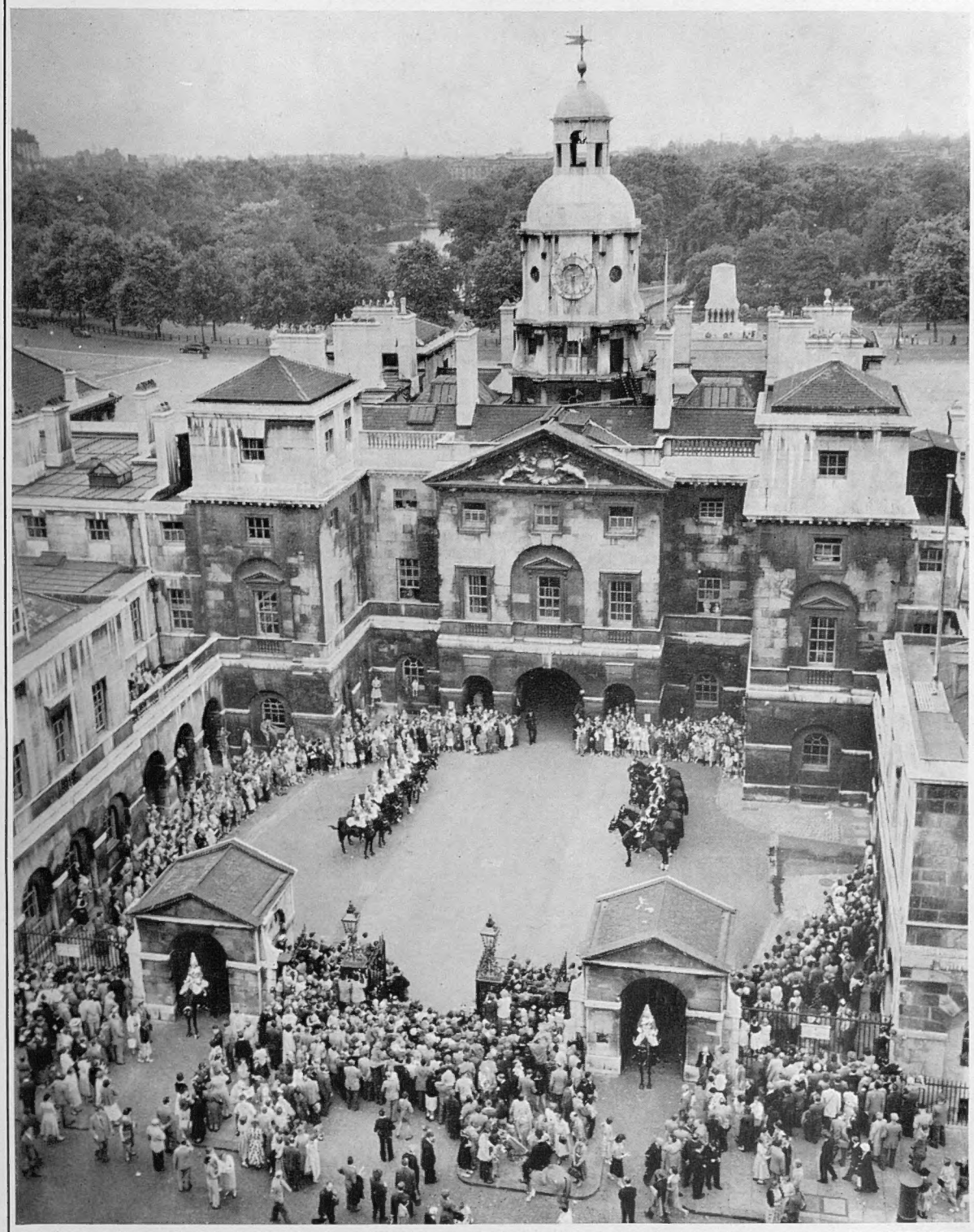
THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

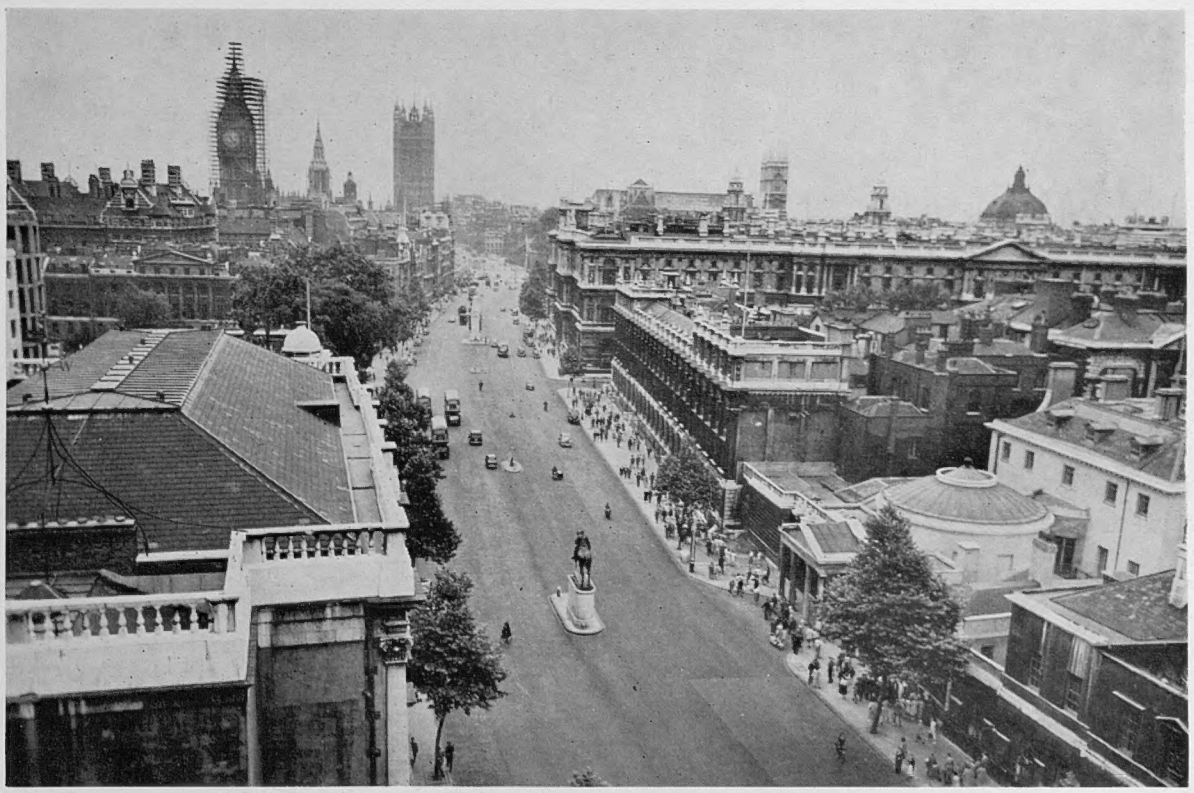
ROUND THE WORLD IN NINETY MINUTES

An Explanation of Unmanned Satellites and the Problems of Propulsion. Illustrated with Special "Sphere" Drawings

AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF A POPULAR CEREMONY IN THE HEART OF LONDON



LOOKING DOWN ON THE SPECTACULAR CEREMONY OF CHANGING THE GUARD AT THE HORSE GUARDS, IN WHITEHALL: The ceremony, which takes place each weekday at 11 a.m. and which lasts about half an hour, is seen from the roof of the War Office on the opposite side of Whitehall. It is a popular ceremony and, as this picture shows, attracts the attention of many visitors to the capital. On Sundays the ceremony takes place at 10 a.m. Horse Guards' Parade is approached through the arch under the clock tower. In the background is St. James's Park.



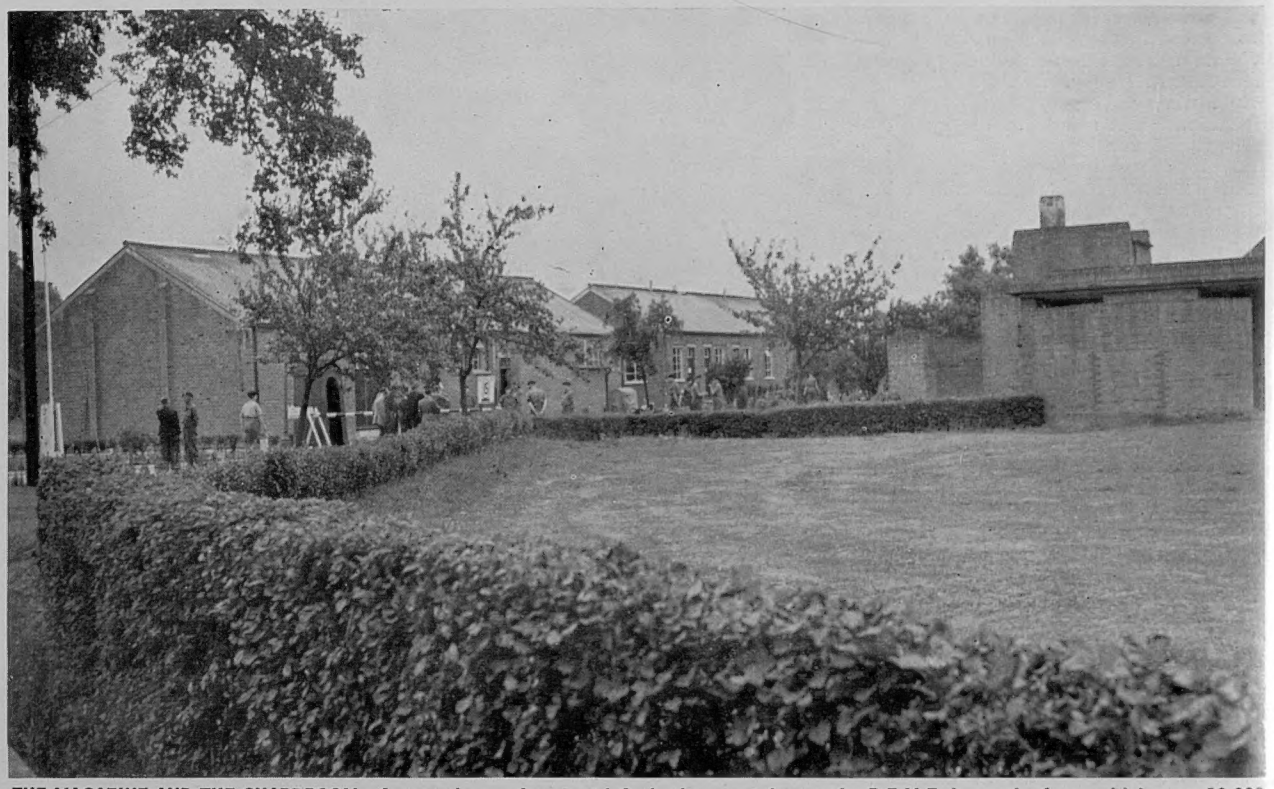
THE SKYLINE AT WESTMINSTER: From the roof of the War Office one looks along Whitehall towards Parliament Square. Prominent on the skyline are, from left, Big Ben (which is in "splints" during the restoration work); the towers of the Houses of Parliament and the Victoria Tower; Westminster Abbey and (extreme right) the dome of Central Hall.

THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC I.R.A. EXPLOITS IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR—THE R.E.M.E. BARRACKS AT ARBORFIELD : *On left*—The entrance to the 5th Training Depot of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers at Arborfield, near Wallingford, Berkshire. At left is the sentry box, where one of the guards was overpowered by armed Irishmen who raided the armoury, at right. *On right*—Workmen repair the door of the armoury, from which a large quantity of weapons was stolen.

THE I.R.A. STRIKES

Large Quantities of Arms and Ammunition are Stolen in a Daring Raid by Irishmen on a Military Depot in Berkshire

Not since the bomb outrages in London, just before the war, has the Irish Republican Army caused such a sensation in the South of England as last Saturday. A group of Irishmen, armed with loaded weapons, entered the barracks of the R.E.M.E. training regiment at Arborfield, in Berkshire. After stunning the sentry at the gate, they made their way to the guardroom, where they overpowered, in stages, the entire guard of eighteen, only a few of whom were armed even with pick shafts. Breaking into the armoury the raiders stole two Service rifles, ten bren guns, fifty-five sten guns, and one pistol. Ammunition for this haul was stolen from the magazine, and included 24,000 rounds for the bren guns in bandoliers, another 24,000 rounds of the same calibre in cartons, over 30,000 rounds for the automatic sten guns and 1,300 rounds for the pistol. 15,000 rounds of this ammunition is believed to have been recovered. There have been a number of raids this year on military depots in Ulster and on Merseyside, but this attack at Arborfield, and the size of the haul, indicates that the Irish Republican Army is extending its activities on a scale which will demand new measures to combat them.



THE MAGAZINE AND THE GUARDROOM : Across the roadway, at left, is the magazine at the R.E.M.E. barracks from which over 80,000 rounds of ammunition were stolen. Adjoining it is the guardroom, where most of the night guard of eighteen men was overpowered by the raiders, who were armed with loaded weapons. The guard, as is usual in England, was armed with pick shafts.

Above and on right—**I.R.A.'S RECRUITING CHIEF ADDRESSES A MEETING IN LONDON THE DAY AFTER THE RAID : Mr. Danny Ryan, secretary in England of Sinn Fein, the Irish Republican Party, and recruiting officer for the Irish Republican Army, addressing a meeting in Camden Town last Sunday. Mr. Ryan told his audience "As the fight goes on, the casualties will be greater." The chairman of the meeting referred to the raid at Arborfield saying "You saw yesterday what we could do and will do and what we will have to do."**

HURRICANE "CONNIE" HAS THE LAST WORD

WATER UNDERMINES THE FOUNDATIONS : This house at Cherry Grove Beach, just below the North-South Carolina State boundary, was wrecked when the waters of the sea got out of hand and undermined the foundations when "Connie," the first of this year's hurricanes, struck the coast.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND NO LONGER : The crumpled wreckage of the Ferris wheel on top of the merry-go-round at the fairground at Carolina Beach after the hurricane had struck. The coastal region of North Carolina was instantly declared a "major disaster area" by President Eisenhower.

JUSTICE TAKES A TUMBLE

BOMB-THROWING IN SAIGON : This was the scene in the Hall of Justice soon after a passing terrorist had tossed a bomb through a conveniently open window. Fortunately the hall was deserted at the time. The only casualty was a statue of Justice which had been standing near the hole in the wall, seen on right of the picture. Justice was knocked from her stand and lost her head.

On right—
THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE SAIGON BOMB OUTRAGES : The head of the statue of Justice gazes patiently upwards after being knocked from its pedestal by a bomb thrown into the Hall of Justice. Bomb-throwing is a new form of activity by terrorists in the strife-torn South Viet Nam capital city.

VIOLENCE BY NATURE AND MAN

Hurricane "Connie" on the Eastern Seaboard of the United States ; and Political Agitation with Violence in Vietnam and Colombia

IN THE WAKE OF HURRICANE "CONNIE"—THE DEVASTATION AT WILMINGTON BEACH : The front of this North Carolina resort is littered with the roots of shrubs and trees after the hurricane had struck. The hotel at right, which was damaged by Hurricane "Hazel" last year and never repaired, lost a roof. The cottage at left also lost its roof. Despite the most careful forecasts by the American weather bureau and preparations by the populations who believed themselves to be in the path of the hurricane, "Connie," as it was called, had the last word. By not taking the path scheduled for it, the hurricane saved millions of dollars-worth of damage, and the loss of at least forty-one lives.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING—THE LONG-AWAITED RAIN POURS ON NEW YORK : With Hurricane "Connie" came rainstorms which broke weeks of drought and record heat waves. Here is part of Queens, the flooded township on Long Island, New York, which had 4.61 ins. of rain in seventeen hours in the van of the hurricane, which once threatened New York City itself.

PRESS TROUBLES IN COLOMBIA

FEMALE AGITATORS IN BOGOTA : A mob of angry women argue vehemently with police as they hold a demonstration in favour of a free Press in Colombia. The women who began the demonstrations were later joined by many spectators and were apparently trying to make for the Presidential Palace. Police and Army units, with the help of tear gas, finally dispersed the crowds. A Press censorship has been extended throughout Colombia and covers messages sent abroad as well as domestic publications. Lucio Nunez, the Minister of Government, has said that direct censorship of domestic papers was imposed to replace the self censorship which editors had been asked to accept in order to prevent "political diatribes."

THE BEST OF A BAD "TWELFTH"

Fears that this would be One of the Worst Years Ever were Confirmed on the First Day of Grouse Shooting Last Week

A HOPEFUL PAIR ON A SCOTTISH MOOR: Major G. Knox Finlay sets his dog after a bird on Colonel Frank Douglas' moor at Lochan, in Perthshire.

A MODEST BAG: The grouse are tallied at lunchtime at Lochan by the host, left, Colonel Frank Douglas. On the right is Sir Nigel Mordaunt, and in the centre, keeper James Petrie. Shorts and open-necked shirts were the fashion for the day on this Scottish moor.

ONE OF THE PARTIES OUT ON THE "TWELFTH": Colonel Frank Douglas and his party, a total of seven guns, make their way up a hill at the start of their shoot at Lochan, in Perthshire. In the background is Loch Freuchie. Grouse were sparse on the moors both in Scotland and in Northern England, as had been predicted, and the parties were, accordingly, small and few. But in Perthshire the bags were rather better than had been expected, though they were still very small.

On right—

THE BAG ON ILKLEY MOOR: Members of Sir Alfred Aykroyd's party, which shot over Hawksworth Moor, in Yorkshire, examining the indifferent bag after the first drive.

On right—

A YORKSHIRE SHOOT: Sir Alfred Aykroyd's party making its way to the butts on the "Twelfth" for the second drive on Hawksworth Moor. Other parts of this moor are being rested this year. Many owners in Scotland have also rested their moors this season in the hopes that prospects will be better next year. Late hatchings, due to the wet and cold weather in the late spring, are blamed for the appalling prospects for grouse shooting this year. Lately, in the dry spell, fires on the moors threatened another danger. Many owners will not shoot until later in the season.

SWITZERLAND'S "GLACIER PILOT" TO THE RESCUE: Mountain guides strap William Peake to a sleigh which took him to the aircraft waiting in the background on the Dent Blanche. This picture was taken by the pilot, Hermann Geiger, who twice landed at 10,700 ft. to rescue Peake and his companion, Raymond Couzens, benighted on the glacier.

THE END OF THE JOURNEY: Geiger lifts Peake from the Piper Cub monoplane after he had brought the young Briton down from the Dent Blanche. Mrs. Geiger stands watching him. The two young climbers were cut off in a blizzard.

An Epic of the Alps

The Dramatic Aircraft Rescue from 10,700 ft. of Two Trapped Climbers from Britain

A dramatic rescue by aeroplane from an Alpine mountain-top took place early last week. Two young British climbers, Raymond Couzens, a twenty-two-year-old physicist from Thornton Heath, Surrey, and William Peake, a nineteen-year-old undergraduate, of Warrington, Lancashire, were members of a party of seven from the London University Mountaineering Club which climbed the 14,285-ft. Dent Blanche. On their way down they were caught in a severe blizzard. Five of the party made their way down to the Rossier Hut, over 2,000 ft. below the summit, but the other two remained in the open. Fresh snow, which fell overnight, made further progress down impossible. Help was summoned from a hotel at the foot of the glacier, and Switzerland's renowned "Glacier Pilot," Hermann Geiger, came to the rescue in a light aircraft, a Piper Cub. At first, after three attempts, he failed to land because of thick fog. But on the following day he managed to make two landings at over 10,000 ft., taking with him the two Britons, who had spent two nights on the mountain.

After being landed at the foot of the glacier, they were examined by a doctor. Both were reported to be suffering from frostbitten hands and feet. The patients were taken to the hospital at Sion, where, after being nursed for a few days, they were pronounced fit to travel home to England.

THE QUEEN IN WIGTOWNSHIRE

With the Duke of Edinburgh She Visits Four Burghs During a Cruise Round the Coast of Scotland in the Royal Yacht "Britannia"

THE QUEEN AT NEWTON-STEWART: She acknowledges the welcome outside the Town Hall during her visit to this Wigtownshire burgh. Seen with her are the Earl of Stair, Lord Lieutenant of the County, and Provost Alexander Barr. The visit to Newton-Stewart was one of four made by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Wigtownshire last week.

A HAPPY MOMENT OUTSIDE STRANRAER TOWN HALL: While the Queen chats with the Provost, Mr. A. A. Walker, the Town Clerk, Mr. D. R. McInnes Wilson, watches the Duke of Edinburgh as he prepares to sign the visitors' book. This was the first tour of Wigtownshire by a reigning monarch for nearly 400 years. It began at Cairnryan, where the Queen and the Duke disembarked from the Royal Yacht *Britannia* to be greeted by the Earl of Stair. They drove nearly 90 miles through the county and, in addition to visiting Stranraer, called at Whithorn, Wigtown and Newton-Stewart.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY PREPARE TO BOARD H.M.Y. "BRITANNIA" AT CAIRNRYAN: Prince Charles and Princess Anne walk towards their parents on the quayside before going on board to resume their journey round the coast of Scotland. Princess Margaret (who had joined the Queen for the cruise) is on the extreme left. *On left*—Accompanied by two sailors, the Royal children stand on deck to watch their parents begin their tour.

IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF WHITHORN: *Left*—A Boys' Brigade officer salutes the Queen as she walks along the village's main street, accompanied by the Earl of Stair and Provost L. B. Arnott. The Duke is in the party behind. *Right*—The Queen and other members of the Royal party are seen at the entrance to Whithorn Priory, the ancient shrine of St. Ninian, and the site of the first Christian church in Scotland. Her Majesty is looking at a mural recalling that the last Royal visit to the priory was made 392 years ago to the day, by Mary Queen of Scots.

AT DOUGLAS THE QUEEN IS WELCOMED BY A GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : She is seen taking the salute at the harbour after landing with the Duke of Edinburgh from the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. Despite the bad weather big crowds, including a great number of holidaymakers, gathered to cheer the Queen and the Duke as they set out on their tour of the island. From Douglas, the great holiday centre of the island, the Royal visitors motored to Castletown, then across to Peel and round the coast to Ramsey and back to Douglas. The Queen and the Duke spent a short time at each town and met many people.

A Royal Day in the Isle of Man

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Tour the Holiday Island by Car

ONE OF THE FIRST ROYAL DUTIES AT DOUGLAS : The Queen inspecting the R.A.F. officer cadets who formed the guard of honour. They are serving at an R.A.F. station on the island. Among the officials who welcomed the Queen and the Duke was the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Ambrose Flux Dundas.

HEARING ABOUT THE MANX KIPPER : The Queen and the Duke chat with a group of fisher-girls at Peel who help to process the famous Manx kippers.

A BOUQUET FOR THE QUEEN AT PEEL : Lesley Kinley makes her presentation as the Royal couple arrive for their short visit to this fishing port on the west coast of the island.

THE QUEEN BECOMES THE FIRST MONARCH TO PRESIDE OVER A MEETING OF THE TYNWALD COURT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS IN DOUGLAS : She is seen accepting an Address of Welcome from Sir Joseph Qualtrough, Speaker of the House of Keys. Tynwald is the Queen's oldest Parliament. When she replied to the address the Queen finished her speech with a few words in the Manx version of Gaelic : "As mish, moghey mie as aigh wie," which being interpreted means "And now good morning and good luck."

WORLD REVIEW

A Pictorial Survey of Peopl Places, and Events in all Par of the Globe

On left—
URANIUM CITY GROWS APACE : A ne aerial view of the boom-town of t Atom Age, Uranium City, Saskatchewa named after the mineral bei mined in the area in large quantitie

Located in the heart of the Beaverlod district of the wastelands of Northe Saskatchewan, Uranium City is a thrivi town with 1,000 inhabitants. Another 2,0 live at various mine sites within a twelve-m radius. Although the area was recognised be plentifully supplied with fissionable ore long ago as 1949, the boom there did not beg until 1952, when the field was thrown open the public. This time there were energe town planners on the spot who were det mined to save Uranium City from becomi a shack town, as so many other boom co munities in Canada and Alaska had do They are now preparing the groundwork fo model community with a population of 10,0 Already the town boasts a theatre, a fifty-roo hotel, which is already finding difficulty meeting demands for accommodation, a twenty taxi-cabs. There are fourteen miles roads around the town. Uranium City governed by a resident administrator appoint by the Saskatchewan Government, which al provides regular aircraft flights from Prin Albert. Stores and the necessaries of l are brought to the community by barge fr Waterways, Alberta.

SAN MARINO GOES TO THE POLLS : The tiny independent republic in Italy goes gay with banners and posters for the election held there last Sunday. The banner across the road, over the Government tourist office, reads "To develop tourism and commerce and our industries—vote like this," with arrows pointing to the symbols of the Socialist-Communist Party. Sixty immigrants to the United States, who are still citizens of San Marino, were flown from Detroit to their homeland "to save San Marino from Communism." At the elections of 1951 the Communists had a majority of 120, and it was hoped that the trippers from Detroit would turn the scales this year, not only by their votes but by their propaganda value, too.

On right—
TWO SOUTH AMERICAN PRESIDENTS MEET : General Odria (left), President of Peru, presents an official gift to his host, President Perez Jiminez of Venezuela, at a State Ball held in the Capitol at Caracas. Looking on is Senora Perez Jiminez. The Peruvian President had come on a six-day visit of goodwill to Venezuela.

THE JAPANESE DIET IN UPROAR AGAIN : *Top*—Socialist members of the Upp House steering committee and spectators in the committee-room storm the desk of the Conservative chairman, Mr. Yuichi Kori, centre, in Toky *Below*—Mr. Kori is taken away to hospital on a stretcher, suffering fro serious injuries. The uproar occurred after the Socialist Party had succes fully blocked two Government Bills by delaying tactics just before t Diet went into recess for the summer. One of the Bills proposed the settin up of a Supreme Defence Council. This measure, an important step in t re-arming of Japan, has been bitterly opposed by the left-wing in Japa The uproar in the committee chamber is by no means the first of its kind in t Japanese Diet. In June last year, when the Government requested an extensi of the session, the Opposition Socialists in the Lower House invaded the cha man's dais to prevent the move. Fifty officials were injured in the ensuing figh

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LUNCHEON AL FRESCO—THE MIGHTY OF THE SOVIET UNION SIT AT THE LADEN TABLE WHILE PREMIER BULGANIN PROPOSES A TOAST TO HIS GUESTS : At the Premier's country villa outside Moscow, the dishes are filled with chicken and caviare, the bowls piled high with fruit, the glasses filled with wine from the Caucasus, champagne from the Crimea. The Members of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet who are here seen listening to Marshal Bulganin are, from left, Mr. A. I. Mikoyan, Mr. V. M. Molotov, Mr. N. S. Khrushchev, Mr. L. M. Kaganovich, Mr. M. G. Pervukhin, and Mr. G. M. Malenkov. Extreme right is Marshal Zhukov.

MBASSADORS FROM EAST AND WEST : With Marshal Bulganin are, from left, the Burmese Ambassador, U Maung Ohn, who is doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in Moscow ; the Indian Ambassador, Mr. K. P. S. Menon ; and the United States Ambassador, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen. The wives and children of diplomats and journalists were among the 250 guests.

RUSSIA'S LEADERS GO GAY

The Fabulous Luncheon and Garden Party near Moscow, where the Soviet Premier entertained Foreign Diplomats and Journalists

On right—
OOTBALL ON TELEVISION : The mighty ones of the Kremlin crowd round to watch the match between Wolverhampton Wanderers and Spartak. With Marshal Bulganin is Mr. Cecil Parrott, British Chargé d'Affaires.

ENTER THE SERVANTS : A section of a long file of servants proceeds through the woods bearing trays laden with food for the magnificent party.

A MUSICAL DIVERSION : The Soviet tenor Ivan Kozlovsky, from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, entertains during the reception.

OUT FOR A ROW ON THE LAKE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON : Two Soviet Ministers enjoy the luxury of this bourgeois pastime while entertaining their guests. *On left*—Mr. Molotov is the oarsman and Mrs. Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Ambassador, and Señor Leopoldo Bravo, the Argentinian Ambassador, the passengers. *On right*—Mrs. Joseph Avidar, wife of the Israeli Ambassador, and her two daughters are taken for a row by Mr. Mikoyan, who had earlier taken out the American Ambassador and his family.

INVERTED FLIGHT

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF MIXED FORMATION AEROBATICS AND OTHER AIR NEWS FROM BRITAIN, AMERICA, AND THE U.S.S.R.

On right—

OVER THE TOP—AEROBATICS FROM A MIXED FORMATION OVER FRANCE : The four aircraft seen here at the top of a loop are led by a Royal Air Force Hunter. On each side of the leader is a Sabre of the R.C.A.F. and a U.S.A.F. Lockheed T-33 jet trainer is in the " box " position behind. The Hunter was flown by a U.S.A.F. pilot at present serving with the R.A.F. on an exchange posting. The immaculate formation kept by the four aircraft is praiseworthy in itself, but is even more remarkable for the fact that the four pilots were doing aerobatic formation flying together for the first time. They also had to contend with the different performances of their aircraft. The formation from N.A.T.O. air forces stationed in Europe was performing at Metz for a French National Air Meeting.

THE THUNDERSTREAK SPROUTS A PROPELLER : This strange aircraft, now undergoing flight trials in California, is the Republic XF-84H, a propeller-powered version of the Thunderstreak jet fighter-bomber. The propeller is driven from a turbine in the jet engine and the remaining jet thrust is augmented by an afterburner. In this way the plane is driven by both the propeller and jet thrust. The airframe of the Thunderstreak had to be considerably modified when the propeller was fitted. The small fin behind the cockpit is to smooth out the turbulent airflow from the propeller, and the tailplane has been lifted clear of the slipstream. The XF-84H is designed to test supersonic propellers.

AN AERIAL GIANT FROM THE SOVIET UNION : An impression of the four-jet inter-continental bomber which is known by the code name " Bison " in Allied air forces. The existence of this bomber in reasonably large numbers recently led to some consternation in official American circles. The fact that Russia was in possession of these aircraft first became known when one was seen during a fly-past on May Day, 1954. It was assumed to be a prototype and that several years would elapse before it could be put into production. Early this year, however, unofficial reports stated that formations of up to ten of the bombers had been seen at one time, and in May the United States Defence Department confirmed this fact in a long statement. A few days later General Twining, Air Force Chief of Staff, said that the U.S.A. was ahead in aerial development, but that the existence of the Bison gave " real reason for concern." The details of the Bison are, of course, not known, but expert estimates made in this country and the U.S.A. credit it with a speed of over 600 m.p.h., a span of about 180 ft. and a range of some 6,000 miles. It could carry a hydrogen-bomb. The Bison is directly comparable with the American B 52, which is already entering service.

On left—

THE CANBERRA SHOWS ITS BOMBS OFF : A Canberra Mk. 6 bomber is seen flying with two bombs slung under the wings and a gun-pack containing four 20-mm. cannon placed in a streamlined bulge on the underside of the fuselage. This is the first of a number of Canberra 6's which are being specially fitted for ground attack operations at night. The bombs could be replaced by rockets. The gun-pack, which is carried in the bomb-bay, is easily removed, enabling the plane to carry its normal load of bombs in the usual manner. Later these aircraft will be followed into service by the Canberra 8, which is specially designed for ground attack operations.

A MODERN CITY TAKES SHAPE AROUND THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CATHEDRAL : This is Cologne ten years after the war. The old houses of wealthy merchants have given way to new modern office blocks. The network of narrow streets recalling the medieval glory of the city is replaced, perforce, by spacious avenues and extensive car parks. Only the Cathedral remains as a landmark. That, and the broad sweep of the Rhine.

COLOGNE AFTER THE WAR : Not a building stands unharmed. The railway station at left is a battered hulk. The great bridge across the Rhine is down. The Cathedral is badly damaged, but it stands. It was to take ten years before the new Cologne took shape below the soaring pinnacles of the twin spires.

COLOGNE RESHAPED

Ten Years after the Destruction of War had Annihilated the Great Rhineland Centre a New City has Come to Life

Nowhere, perhaps, is the rebuilding of Western Germany more vividly illustrated than in Cologne, for centuries the capital of the Rhineland and a centre of western civilisation. During the war, because of its geographical importance and the chemical and tool industries located in the city, Cologne became one of the first major targets of the Allied air forces. By April 1942 it had received its 100th air raid—the first 1,000-bomber raid was carried out the next month. By the end of the war, 40,000 tons of bombs had been dropped on Cologne, and 85 per cent. of its area destroyed. Hardly anything escaped, not even the great Cathedral, the pride of the Rhineland. In view of its proximity to the railway station and to the most important of Cologne's three Rhine bridges, it was a miracle that, when the war came to an end, the Cathedral was still standing. But even in 1945 Cologne did not look its worst. It was not until 1949–50, when the damaged buildings had been pulled down, and the Cathedral stood like some lonely and sorrowful sentinel over the rubble, that the visitor wondered if ever again a city could rise from those ruins. The aerial picture on this page supplies the answer. In five years Cologne has been reshaped. It has lost its medieval aspect, and only the Cathedral serves to remind the citizens of their ancestry. But at least Cologne still has its citizens : for the city has come to life again.

London's Wonder School

Ultra-modern Buildings will be Open for 960 Secondary School Girls in Tulse Hill Next Month

THE MOST UP-TO-DATE SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY : Substance is given to this claim when one sees a typical classroom in the Dick Sheppard School. It is designed to give the maximum of light and is fitted with latest equipment and material.

INSTRUCTION FOR FUTURE HOUSEWIVES : In the housecraft rooms, of which the are four, girls learn to look after a home. Two furnished flats are attach for practical work. The course includes needlecraft, cookery and housecra

A DINING-CLASSROOM : In the kitchen-dining-block are rooms, such as that on extreme right, which are used for teaching and for dinner. The food is brought from the servery, on the left, to which the dishes are sent up by lift from the kitchen below. This block has a light steel frame.

ONE OF THE TWO GYMNASIUMS : The girls at the Dick Sheppard School will la no aids for physical training classes. Construction and materials have be related to the particular character and purpose of each part of the building

LIGHT AND AIR IN A NEW L.C.C. SCHOOL : Glass predominates in this general view of the Dick Sheppard School, the new Secondary School for Girls in Tulse Hill, Lambeth. Left is the Assembly Hall ; in the centre is the administrative block, and the classrooms block is on the right. It will be open next term and take 960 pupils. The estimated cost of the building and equipment is £338,840. The school is named after the late Rev. Canon Dick Sheppard, the famous London parson, who was closely associated with education in Tulse Hill.

Next month 960 London girls will start their first term in school buildings which can truly be described as wonderful. With its long, light-giving windows and walls, which often seem to be entirely of glass, the London County Council's new Dick Sheppard Secondary School for Girls is justified in claiming to be the most up-to-date in the country. On a site of 5 acres adjoining Brockwell Park, in Tulse Hill, Lambeth, the buildings have been designed by the architects, Messrs. Yorke, Rosenberg and Mardall, and erected by Rush and Tompkins Ltd.

Planning has been done in such a way as to achieve an open layout, falling into five main parts : a four-storey teaching block ; assembly hall and entrance ; administrative block ; two gymnasiums with changing-rooms ; and kitchen and dining-classrooms. In every case construction and materials have been related to the particular character and purpose of the building concerned. Frames of reinforced concrete with brick panel walls, of light steel or of precast concrete members have been used where best suited. All classrooms are lit from two sides, either direct or with one side by borrowed light across a corridor.

The school will provide a good general education. Older pupils will be able to take the General Certificate of Education and study in specialised courses such as Commerce—for which one of the classrooms is a model business office—and in Housecraft. Scientists are catered for in three laboratories, and two lecture rooms, with a greenhouse for biology. The arts side includes such practical subjects as fashion drawing and design. Pupils will be divided into houses, clubs, societies and varied out-of-school activities will develop with time. Certainly the school is a fitting memorial to the late Canon Sheppard. Its spacious lines are evidence of the great advance made in London from the grim, dark Board schools and other inadequate and unhealthy educational establishments in which many of the older generations of to-day received their instruction.

THE MAGNIFICENT ASSEMBLY HALL : It has a frame built up of precast concrete members and the roof consists of 3-in. woodwool slabs, a light material with high heat-insulation value. Some 500 can be seated here in front of the stage equipped with all modern devices. The girls of the Dick Sheppard School, when they perform here, may well be envied for their surroundings by professional actors and actresses. Great emphasis will also be laid upon music, and the school orchestra of girls from all forms will give their concerts here.

Edinburgh International Festival

WALKING DOWN PRINCES STREET

There is Never a Dull Moment Along this Remarkable Mile-long Esplanade Under the Castle Rock of Edinburgh

By GEORGE BLAKE

A PARTY of eight engine-drivers and firemen, runners-up in a quiz competition organised for their employees by British Railways, was recently invited to accept as their reward a two-day trip to any place of their choice in the United Kingdom. Unanimously, these worthy and gifted men from Willesden plumped for Edinburgh.

They might, one imagines, have fancied a beano at Torquay. Or they could have looked for a bit of history at Norwich or Chester. They might even have thought of the romantic mists of the Isle of Skye. But no: Edinburgh it had to be *nem. con.*, and the always crowded pavements of Princes Street, one of the world's noblest and most justly famous thoroughfares, were duly enriched by eight interesting additions to the types that so picturesquely use them—continually and not merely at Festival time.

Piccadilly or the Strand; the Ramblas of Barcelona; the Rue de la Paix; Fifth Avenue or Sunset Boulevard—to each great city of the world its great street, each with its special quality of grandeur or charm. Still, one dares to use the dangerous word "unique" of Princes Street, Edinburgh, the relatively small capital of a small country.

The mere setting is so unusually fantastic. Perhaps its quality resides largely in the fact that it is not so much a street as an esplanade, a grand place for ceremonial parades. There is only one side of shops and clubs and offices to it. The other is open to acre upon acre of gardens, filling the valley before the Rock and Castle of Edinburgh rise in magnificent domination against the southern skies. The Castle seems to come out of Grimm's Fairy Tales, especially when it is floodlit at dusk, and then hangs in mid-air like something decreed by Kubla Khan.

But Princes Street for all its fame is not an old street, as the Strand and Lombard Street are very, very old. It is not nearly so old as the High Street of Edinburgh itself which, running down the spine of the Rock towards the Palace of Holyroodhouse, forms the best part of the Royal Mile. It used to be merely the "Lang Gait," a rough country road as seen across the valley from the original town. Below the Castle, where are now the gardens and, unfortunately, the railway line running into Waverley Station, there was a stretch of marshy ground that filled in winter to the semblance of a lake and was called the Nor' Loch.

It was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the needs of natural expansion made speculative men look across the swamps of the Nor' Loch to the lower, empty ridge on the other side. One of the pioneers was a builder with the admirably businesslike name of George Brown, who started nibbling downhill from the Old Town and built at least one square that now wears the bloom of mellow grace, like the best in Bloomsbury. He was followed by a gifted architect, James Craig, who crossed the Rubicon in the shape of the Nor' Loch and started building along the line of what is now George Street, an older and perhaps more gracious brother of Princes Street, and its parallel to the north.

So the New Town, still so called, started to develop. The Mound, that steep, twisting thoroughfare which nowadays carries so much traffic from the level of Princes Street past the National Gallery to the Old Town, was really the first bridging of the Nor' Loch; it was made up of some 2,000,000 cartloads of earth and rubble from the excavations in the New Town. When the Nor' Loch was finally drained in 1816 the division of Edinburgh into two different but closely connected parts was complete.

Wealth and fashion deserted the high "lands" of the Old Town for the classical terraces and crescents and squares—"draughty parallelograms," Robert Louis Stevenson dubbed them—that architects with the Classical tradition in their bones were building all over those slopes that old Edinburgh had seen only as rough pastures. Most of the influence and much of the wealth of Edinburgh crossed the Nor' Loch within the space of quite a few years.

To this natural growth Princes Street was almost a belated addition: a sort of tidying-up of the frontage of the brave New Town. The city with one of the best natural sites in Europe—and it always reminds me of Prague before the Iron Curtain dropped—needed its shop window, its promenade. It was finally widened to its present great breadth as recently as 1877.

To be quite frank about it for a moment, Princes Street is not what it was thirty, or even ten, years ago as a shopping street. The big multiple concerns coveted such a magnificent stance and came in with their noisy façades and their vast powers of "buying out" the old craftsmen in book-selling, tailoring and silversmith work. Harassed by rising rents and assessments, they have latterly tended to retire to George Street behind, so that that gracious thoroughfare is becoming the "quality" shopping avenue of Scotland's capital city.

The interest of Princes Street is thus really not so much in its shops. It certainly does not reside in its architecture, which is just about as fascinating as that of Oxford Street. The glory is in its openness to the sun, in the fact that it is simply an esplanade with a great castle-crowned rock hanging over it. In short, it is only the promenade of all who happen to be in Edinburgh at the moment and with an hour to spare: tourists, the county in for the day, foreign visitors with town plans and guide-books in their pockets, shaggy characters in kilts. They dawdle and mill along by the thousand in every hour. A young matron in from the suburbs with a pram, and pausing for a chat with a friend, can cause a block like that created by a broken-down truck in the middle of Fleet Street.

Walking down Princes Street is a rite, and one sometimes gets the impression that an awful lot of eccentric people are going through with it in order to enjoy the eccentricities of the rest.

There is certainly no street in any of the world's great cities more frequently used by people obviously in from the country. These are not farming types. They are the surviving gentry of Scotland. The ladies are apt to descend upon the town in tweeds, the older of them in hats of vintage years, anchored to Edwardian sanity by a great weight of cameos and the like. Their menfolk are also tweedy, and the odd pair of effulgent plus-fours is still to be seen along with shepherd's crooks. If one sees an elderly male party of this general type turn up the steps of a gracious old house near the foot of the Mound, he may be an earl making for a glass of sherry and a bite of lunch in the New Club. This being Edinburgh, the New Club is so called because it is old and exclusive.

The latest in female fashion is always on show along the length of Princes Street, but the eye is more surely taken by the recurrent note of eccentricity. Here are always "types" rarely to be seen in Glasgow or Aberdeen or Dundee; only Perth can in Scotland throw them up in comparable profusion. The men and women of the three Services bring their different colours and attitudes to the passing show. The anxious, sallow face of the American tourist under a wide-brimmed hat is offset by the grinning sunburn and gob cap of a rating off a U.S. cruiser lying with the N.A.T.O. fleet at Rosyth. Strangely enough, the bright blazers and caps of small boys from one or other of Edinburgh's great secondary schools strike the loudest colour-notes of all, like bright chilli pods in a jar of pickles.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S NOBLEST AND MOST JUSTLY FAMOUS THOROUGHFARES: This is the view of "the always crowded pavements" of Princes Street, Edinburgh, from the North British Hotel. In the centre is the Scott monument and to the left are Waverley Station and the Rock and Castle of Edinburgh.

When the Festival comes along, of course, Princes Street goes a bit daft. You would hardly expect it in the classical Edinburgh of the Law Lords and the Landed Gentry and the big bankers, but the Princes Street scene is suddenly enriched by the presence of artists and their devotees. *Artists!* Chaps with long hair and strange clothes. Chaps with bad English eked out by copious gesture. Singing chaps, acting chaps, chaps who can actually make a living by painting pictures; some of them, believe it or not, from the other side of the Iron Curtain. And their women—O, my dear sir!

The more detached observer will rejoice in those who come from foreign parts to enjoy their chosen Festival items and add their splashes of colour and their unusual graces of style to diversify the scene. The rapid French of a Parisian intellectual is to be expected. But there are also the Central Europeans, so many of them given to leathern shorts and decorated shirts: all of them ready at any moment to lift their voices in song, thereby confusing elderly lawyers waiting at the pavement's edge to check their gold watches by the One o'Clock Gun from the Half-Moon battery within the Castle.

Perhaps one may like best the earnest Scandinavian students, with their pale faces and funny little uniform caps of the teutonic pattern crowning their blondness. They are apt to wear very short shorts, and to be wheeling, apparently without known destination, bicycles of flimsy construction by British standards. And they are so nice, so anxious to please and be pleased. They are the most earnest patrons of one of Princes Street's more ludicrous features—the raking monument erected in memory of him whom the good Balts describe as "your Sir Valter Skot."

There is not much of history along the line of Princes Street. Most of that is up on the Royal Mile, its battlements, steeples and corbelled gables jagged against the southern skyline. The great thoroughfare is of to-day; it pulses with contemporary life. The renowned Floral Clock in the Gardens, a marvel of patient gardening, seems to diffuse a slight whiff of Blackpool into the metropolitan atmosphere.

Even when the Festival fans are gone and Edinburgh settles down to what Glasgow people regard as its winter sleep, it will still be an enchanting street to walk along: every fifty yards at least somebody who has the individuality to stand out from the ruck of the rest of us—a Scots Nationalist with knobbly knees and a dam' loud kilt, an aged baronet making for the New Club and a glass of dry sherry, or just a doggy lady from the country in aggressive tweeds, serenely convinced that this is a nice place in which to exercise a fleet of Boxers or a flotilla of miniature Poodles. . . . Never a dull moment along this remarkable, mile-long esplanade under the Castle Rock of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh International Festival

A TOUR AROUND QUEENSFERRY

Only Nine Miles North of Edinburgh, Around the Forth Bridge Visitors can Explore some of the Less-publicised Historic Landmarks

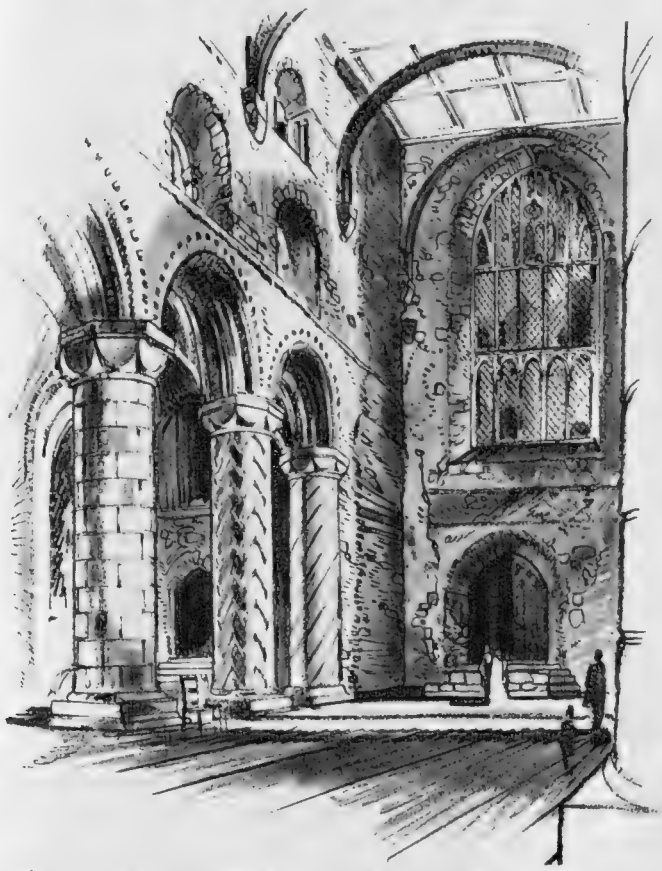
WITH DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACKAY

The visitor to this year's ninth Edinburgh International Festival may, during his stay, wish to see something of the Edinburgh countryside on some fine, sunny afternoon. He could do no better than explore the pleasant historic countryside around the Forth Bridge. It takes less than half an hour to drive from Princes Street to South Queensferry. The main claim to prominence of this little town is its proximity to the Bridge, though it contains some interesting domestic architecture. But visitors from Edinburgh will find South Queensferry a very convenient centre for exploring some of the lesser-publicised places within the area.

THIRTY MINUTES FROM EDINBURGH—THE HIGH STREET IN SOUTH QUEENSFERRY : At left is the old Town House, and, extreme right, Plewland's House.

On left—
CULROSS MARKET CROSS : Once a thriving seaport in the days of the Stuart Kings, Culross remains to-day one of the complete examples of a sixteenth-century burgh.

On right—
AROUND QUEENSFERRY : Visitors will find South Queensferry a fine centre for exploring the district.

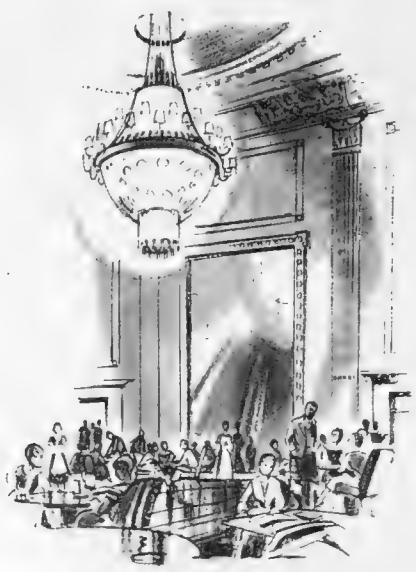


A FINE EXAMPLE OF NORMAN-SCOTS ARCHITECTURE : The nave of the Benedictine Abbey at Dunfermline. The church which adjoins it contains the sepulchre of Robert the Bruce. Near by, Charles I was born.

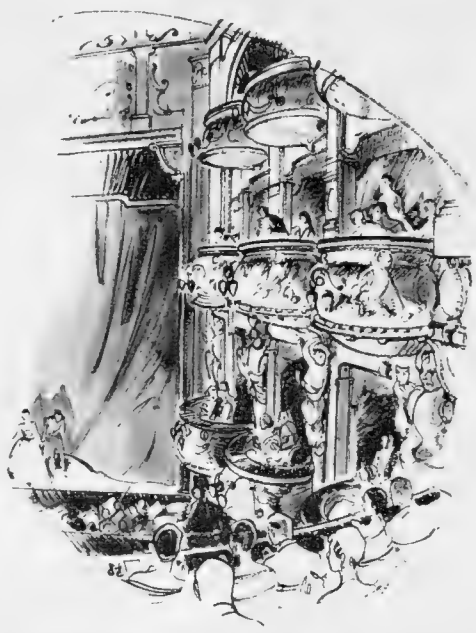
"THE IONA OF THE EAST" : This is the title given to Inchcolm and its Abbey. The story goes that in 1123 King Alexander I, while crossing the Forth by boat from Queensferry, was beset by a sudden storm and driven ashore on the island of Inchcolm. In thankfulness for his safe deliverance he founded and endowed the Abbey seen here.

On left—
TOWARDS SOUTH QUEENSFERRY: This pleasant approach from Cramond to the town is through the wood walk of Lord Rosebery's Dalmeny estate.

AS THE EVENING LIGHT SILHOUETTES THE SKYLINE OF EDINBURGH : A view of the city from Arthur's Seat. Rising above the crest of Salisbury Crags in the foreground is the ridge of the Old Town. The winding River Forth carries the eye to the peak of Ben Lomond, and, at right, above the Forth Bridge, to Ben Ledi.



MORNING COFFEE : Visitors may spend a leisurely morning in the eighteenth-century ballroom at the Festival Club, in the Assembly Rooms.



EVENING PLEASURES : A glimpse of the auditorium and stage at the King's Theatre, Festival home of the Glyndebourne Opera Company.

Edinburgh International Festival

FESTIVAL CITY

Some Impressions of the Scottish Capital which will Greet the Visitor in the Next Three Weeks

By JOHN MACKAY

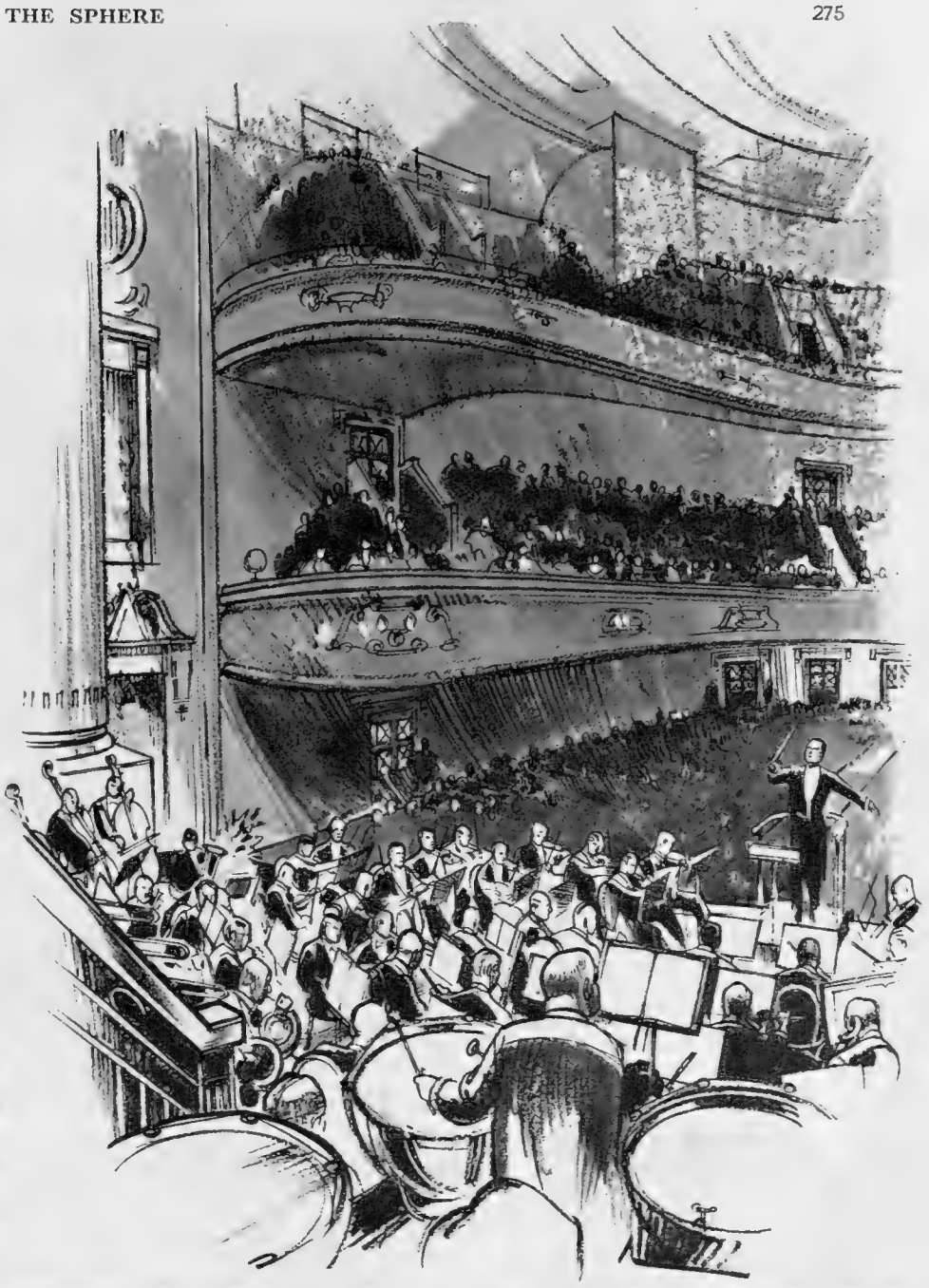
Below—

TWILIGHT OVER THE FESTIVAL CITY : As visitors make their way to the Castle Esplanade for the Tattoo, one can look down from the Mound on to Princes Street. At left are the twin towers of the Assembly Hall, where a new Festival play, by Thornton Wilder, *A Place in the Sun*, is being presented.

THE NEW LIBRARY WHICH BLENDS WITH THE OLD EDINBURGH : The long-awaited extension to the National Library of Scotland. This view is from the lower level of the Cowgate, in the Old Town, and gives some idea of the modern massiveness of the new building. The extension is now nearing completion ; a team of Scottish sculptors is still engaged on the decoration of the façade facing George IV Bridge. The building will house an unrivalled collection of Scottish books and manuscripts.

FTER AN EVENING OF BALLET : The audience leaving the Empire Theatre, where the Royal Danish Ballet and the Azuma Kabuki Dancers are performing. Centre, is the dome of Edinburgh University, and right, the Royal College of Surgeons.

T THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY : The main gallery in the Academy, where the annual exhibition is being held in connection with the Edinburgh International Festival. A collection of the works of Gauguin are a special attraction this year.



IN EDINBURGH'S GREAT CONCERT HALL : The view from the organ gallery of the Usher Hall. Here the orchestral concerts are given. Among the orchestras performing this year are the Berlin Philharmonic, the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra.

ESTORATION AND RECONSTRUCTION IN THE OLD TOWN : In the middle distance is the Canongate Tolbooth, which recently became part of the City Museum. Extreme left are restored buildings characteristic of the Royal Mile, and in the centre, the new arcaded houses recently built in the traditional style on the site of old condemned dwellings.

IN THE HEART OF THE FESTIVAL CITY : The graceful classical lines of George Street are seen to advantage in this sketch. At right is the entrance to the Festival Club in the Assembly Rooms. At left is the spire of St. Andrew's Parish Church, and at the junction of George Street and St. Andrew Square the column to Lord Melville, the Scottish statesman.

THE "BENIGN" ATOM

Scientists Gather from All Over the World for the Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy at Geneva

President Eisenhower, as usual, found the apt phrase in his message to the opening of the International Conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. He wrote to the scientists at Geneva : "You can best unfold to the peoples of the world the bright promise of the benign atom." Other heads of states and governments, including Marshal Bulganin, sent messages in a similar strain expressing the need for world co-operation in the employment of nuclear energy.

In his presidential address, Dr. Homi J. Bhabha, chairman of the Indian Atomic Energy Commission, gave a sombre warning. He declared that without atomic energy, the world would have exhausted its energy supplies within 100 years and civilisation would have withered and died. In technical sessions the delegates then considered assessments of the world's power consumption in the next fifty years, and in the true scientific spirit there were variations in their estimates. Later, they exchanged views on the cost of nuclear power stations. With certain reservations, the speakers from Britain, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and the United States of America agreed that electricity generated from nuclear power stations would, in the near future, be possibly cheaper than similar powers produced from stations motivated by gas or oil.

Outside the formal discussions the United States announced terms for the leasing of fissile materials and the establishment by Mr. Henry Ford of a million-dollar fund to provide "atoms for peace" awards. In fact, everywhere at Geneva, the "benign" atom seemed brightly in the ascendant.

THE START OF THE WORLD DISCUSSION ON ATOMS FOR PEACE : In the Palais des Nations at Geneva are gathered 1,260 delegates from seventy-two countries. In the right foreground are the Swiss representatives, with those from South Africa behind them. On left, in the second and third rows, are the various delegations from the Soviet Union ; then come the Austrian, the Belgian and the Canadian delegates.

ON THE PRESIDENTIAL TRIBUNAL : At the opening of the Conference are, from left—M. Petitpierre, President of the Swiss Confederation, who welcomed the delegates on behalf of the host country ; Mr. Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations ; Dr. Bhabha, President of the Conference ; and Mr. Whitman, of the United States.

FROM AUSTRALIA : At Geneva, from left, are Professor J. P. Baxter ; Professor M. L. E. Oliphant ; and Mr. G. Dalton, of the Australian Atomic Energy Commission.

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION : In this group who have met to pool their knowledge are, from left—Dr. Lewis, Canada ; Professor F. Perrin, France ; Dr. Isidor Rabi, United States ; Dr. Bhabha, India, the Conference President ; Professor Skobeltzine, U.S.S.R. ; Sir John Cockcroft, Britain ; and General de Mattos, Brazil.

A FAMOUS NUCLEAR PHYSICIST : Dr. Nils Bohr, of Denmark (right), is greeted by Dr. Ralph Bunche, Director of the Department of Trusteeship of the United Nations.

WHERE RENOIR PAINTED

It is Proposed to Turn the Artist's House at Cagnes-sur-Mer into a Museum

It has been proposed to buy the house at Cagnes-sur-Mer where Renoir, the great Impressionist painter, lived during the last ten years of his life. The proposal has been made by M. Gangnat, whose father was a friend of Renoir, and it is hoped to turn the house into a permanent museum of the artist's life. Already a collection of paintings and relics has been started at the Chateau Museum of Old Cagnes, about half a mile from the house Les Colettes.

Renoir was born in Limoges in 1841, and as a boy worked in a ceramic workshop painting flowers. In 1861 he went to Paris to further his studies and there met Monet, Cezanne and other painters with whom he joined forces to help create what later became known as the Impressionist school of painting. He took part in the exhibition of 1874 when the sobriquet "Impressionist" was first used of the then small band of painters. During his life he produced some 6,000 paintings and 155 lithographs, as well as numerous sculptures and reliefs.

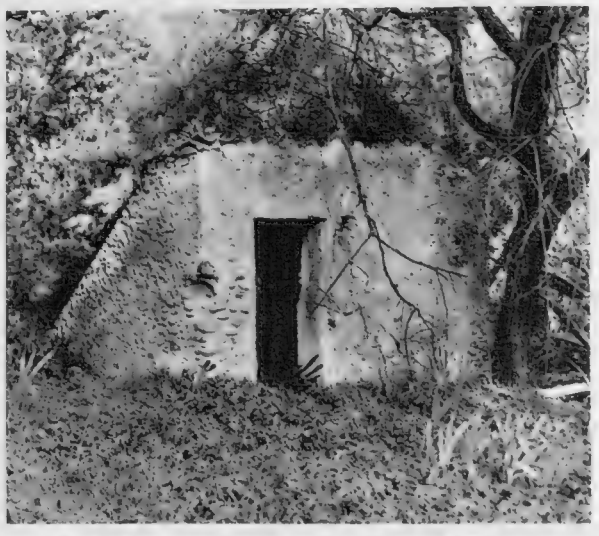
If the bid to buy Les Colettes is successful the house should make a most interesting museum. Not only will there be personal relics of the artist, but several lesser-known sketches and sculptures will be on view and the visitor wandering around the extensive grounds will come across many a small building or scene which has featured in a painting. The first steps to raise the £15,000 needed to buy the house have already been taken. M. Gangnat has put his collection of some fifty Renoir paintings on show at the Galerie Durand-Ruel, in Paris.

WHERE RENOIR LIVED AND PAINTED DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE : The villa Les Colettes, which stands on a hill at Cagnes-sur-Mer, in France, was the home of the Impressionist painter from 1909 until his death. It is proposed to buy the house and use it as a museum. If attemps being made to raise money are successful, the house may also become an international artist's centre.

THE HOUSE HOLDS MANY MEMORIES OF THE ARTIST : On the walls are three high-relief plaques in terra-cotta and on the right is one of Renoir's famous baigneuses. An exhibition of Renoir paintings is being held in Paris to raise funds for the house.

A FARM WHICH FEATURED IN THE ARTIST'S PAINTINGS : The old farm in the grounds of Les Colettes is still in business. Here the barefoot farmer's wife feeds the chickens before one of the many big old olive trees.

A VIEW OFTEN ENJOYED BY RENOIR HIMSELF : This picture is taken from a balcony on the house at Cagnes-sur-Mer, looking over the roofs of the town to the Mediterranean beyond. The head on the left was sculptured by Renoir. The proposal to buy Les Colettes has been made by M. Gangnat, a son of a friend of the artist.

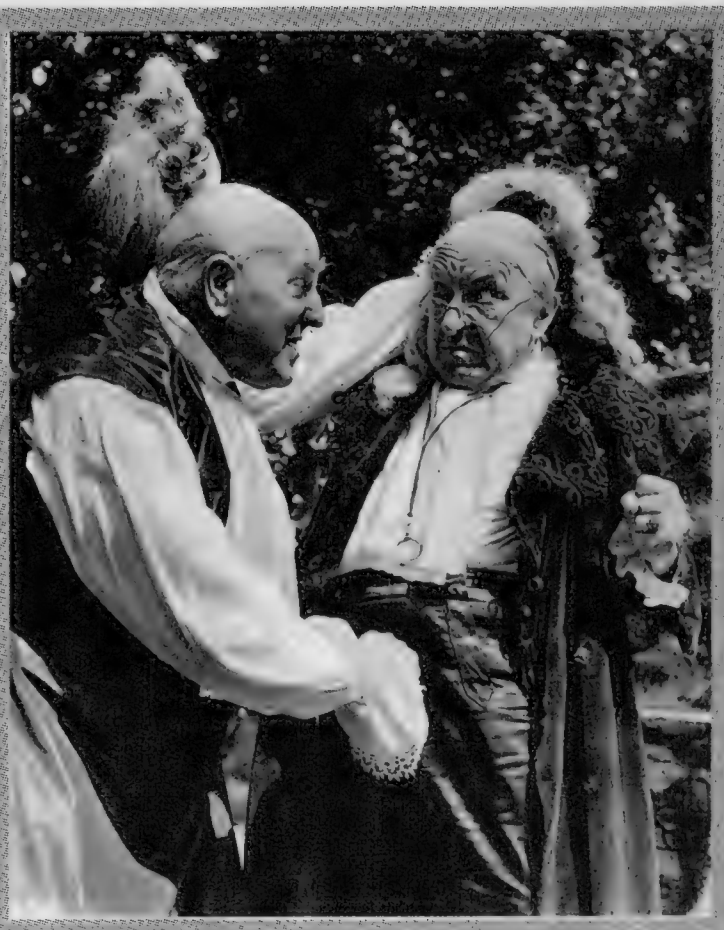


A MUCH-PAINTED OUTHOUSE WHICH HAS FALLEN INTO DISUSE : This small stone building featured in several of Pierre Auguste Renoir's later works as a farmer's tool shed.

ROMANCE IN REGENT'S PARK

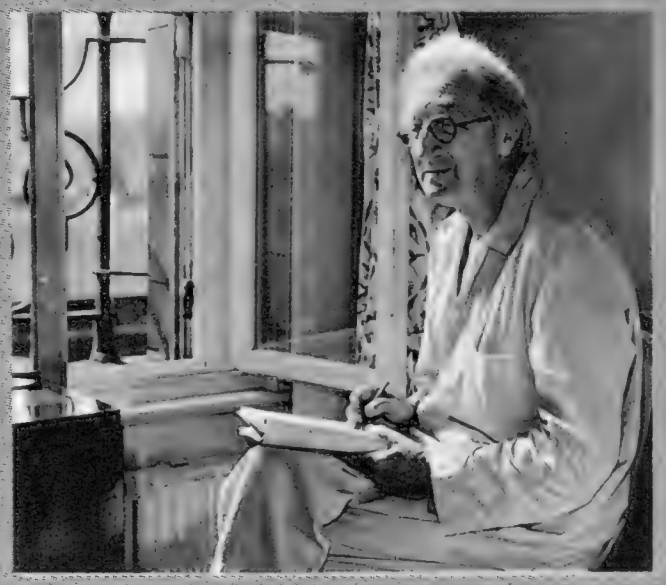
A Play in the Open Air; News of Theatre and Film

Below—
"THE ROMANTICKS" IN REGENT'S PARK: At London's Open Air Theatre are the young lovers, Percinet (Nicholas Amer) and Sylvette (Hilda Schroder). They are sitting on the wall which separates their gardens. The plot turns on the bogus feud worked up by their fathers, and the removal of the wall.



DANGER AND DISAGREEMENT: *Left, above*—Sylvette (Hilda Schroder) is being taught a dance by Straforel (Robert Eddison). She does not know he is being hired to stage her abduction. *Right*—The fathers, Bergamin (Robert Atkins), on left, and Pasquinot (Russell Thorndike), quarrel about the marriage of their children.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Robert Atkins to stage *The Romanticks* in its proper setting, which is in the open air. Edmond Rostand wrote this play—his first—nearly sixty years ago. Two young lovers, Percinet and Sylvette (played by Nicholas Amer and Hilda Schroder), are neighbours whose gardens are separated by a wall. They see themselves as Pyramus and Thisbe or as Romeo and Juliet. To spur them on their fathers (Robert Atkins and Russell Thorndike) pretend a feud between the families. But the wall, symbol of separation, is removed. To stimulate the path of love, the bravo, Straforel, is hired by the fathers to attempt an abduction of Sylvette, who is rescued in the nick of time by Percinet. Charming costumes in Watteau style are by Miss Clare Jeffreys.



A FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK: Sir Alan Herbert sits in pyjamas at the window of his hotel in Manchester with the script of his new musical play *The Water Gipsies*. After a fortnight's run it has its last performance at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, to-night, and opens at the Winter Garden Theatre in London on August 31. *The Water Gipsies* is a musical adaptation of the novel which was one of the first books to put "A. P. H." before a wide public. The cast of the musical includes Dora Bryan, Peter Graves, and Wallas Eaton.

"THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS": A crowd has gathered to watch a scene of the film of this title being taken in Regent's Square, near King's Cross, in London. In the third chair from the left is Clifton Webb, who plays the role of a naval officer. In the front of the car is Michael Hordern, who has the part of the Head of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard. *The Man Who Never Was* **is the film version of the book by the Hon. Ewen Montagu concerning a remarkable piece of deception worked upon the Germans during the war by the British military authorities and their agents. The body of a British officer is washed up from the sea off Spain and documents carefully "planted" on the corpse mislead the Germans as to the Allied strategic intentions. The script has been written by Nigel Balchin and the cast includes Gloria Grahame, Robert Flemyng, and Stephen Boyd.**

TRACKING AN ENEMY SPY: The commander (Clifton Webb) and the Head of the Special Branch (Michael Hordern) are filmed in a London square searching for a German agent.

BATTLESHIP RUNS AGROUND IN THE GARELOCH : H.M.S. *King George V* is seen helpless while she was stuck in the shingle at Roseneath. The battleship was on her way from Liverpool, where she had been painted and overhauled, to her moorings in the Gareloch. She is part of the " mothball fleet." While proceeding up the Gareloch, with three tugs at her bows and one at her stern, she was caught by the tide, swung round and ran hard on to the shingle. Many thousands of spectators gathered to look at the battleship, which was refloated on the next high tide. She sustained no damage.

AGROUND AND AFLOAT

TWO SHIPS WHICH HAVE RECENTLY FEATURED IN THE NEWS

AN UNORTHODOX TANKER FOR BRITISH COASTAL WATERS : The *B.P. Haulier*, the first of a fleet of nine tankers being built for Shell Mex and B.P. Ltd., is seen undergoing trials near her builders' yards at Faversham, in Kent. *On right*—A view of the engine room on board the new tanker. The *B.P. Haulier* is specially designed to operate in the shallow, twisting coastal waterways around the British Isles and is driven by the Voith Schneider propeller, which allows the conventional steering mechanism of a rudder to be dispensed with. The propeller, which protrudes vertically below the keel, is fitted with aerofoil-shaped blades which can change their pitch in the same way as helicopter rotors. The propeller drives the ship in any direction without reversing engines.

THE PUMPROOM ON BOARD THE " B.P. HAULIER " : The pumps are driven from the engine and are designed to operate in the presence of petrol vapour. The tanker can carry 300 tons.

EAST GRINSTEAD TRANSFORMED—A GREAT NEW RESERVOIR WHICH HAS TAKEN SHAPE DURING THE PAST FIFTEEN MONTHS : A general view of the treating plant and pumping station of the new Weir Wood Reservoir, which is to be officially opened by the Duke of Norfolk on September 9. Built to supply the rapidly growing " new town " at Crawley, which now has a population of nearly 30,000, the reservoir, a vast lake, 40 ft. deep and 1,500 ft. wide, has been built in a comparatively short space of time from a two-mile stretch of a small stream, the Upper Medway. Within seven months of work starting, the lake was in existence and could be seen from miles away. Already purified water from the reservoir is flowing into Crawley, which was previously facing a serious water supply problem. The complete scheme has cost £1,500,000 and the 3,000,000 gallons of water which it can supply in one day are used by East Grinstead, Nutley and Cuckfield as well as by Crawley ; 22,000 yards of water mains have been laid.

The Home News in Pictures

A NEW RESERVOIR FOR A NEW TOW

The Weir Wood Reservoir at East Grinstead ; and other Home News pict

BIRDS REFUSE TO CO-OPERATE IN GUN DOG TRIALS IN SCOTLAND : Despite the sunny weather the North of Scotland Gun Dog Association Trials, seen here in progress at Glensaugh, Fettercairn, last week, were marred on the first day by an absence of birds. Many spectators trekked miles across the countryside for the trials but saw very little action. Dogs worked for two hours without raising a bird.

On right—

READY FOR WORK, BUT LITTLE TO DO! : Swift of Swanley, a competitor in the Gun Dog Trials, stands motionless at a word of command from Mrs. J. W. Hall, the owner of Broadstraik Inn, Skene.

BEES ON A LONDON ROOF-TOP : One of the hives on a roof-top near F Street, in the City, which, as can be seen from the comb of sea honey being lifted out, has produced a good crop. The bees gat most of their pollen from wild flowers growing on bom ed si

" BRITAIN IN WATER-COLOURS " AT THE R.W.S. GALLERY, IN LONDO A general view of part of the exhibition, which is to remain o until August 27. Seated in the centre is Mr. Jack Merriott, exhibitor whose work is well known to readers of " The Sphere." first Britain in Water-Colours Exhibition was held in Festival of B year and proved so successful that it has become an annual event. show is open to any artist, and paintings are judged by Sir William R Flint, P.R.W.S., R.A. ; Sir Hesketh Hubbard, P.R.O.I. ; Norman Wilki R.I. ; and Henry Rushbury, Keeper of the Royal Academy. This over 300 works are exhibited, the majority of them of a topographical n and artists have been content to record what they have seen. There several competent works depicting contemporary life, outstanding among are Marjorie Heather's election scenes and Mr. E. Blaikley's " Lunch Inter

ARCHÆOLOGY ON A CAR PARK SITE : Volunteers are seen assisting in excavations on a site, near the Roman forum of Verulamium at St. Albans, which for the first time is being explored. *On left*—A selection of pots and domestic metal objects, some of them from the first century A.D., which have been found on the site. The extensive excavations are being carried out under the direction of Mr. John Lunn, Director of Museums for St. Albans.

RESTORATION OF A VILLAGE CHURCH IN LONDON : The restored chancel of Chelsea Old Church, showing the More Chapel on the right and the More Monument in centre. The church was badly damaged by a land-mine in 1941, but most of the ancient monuments were rescued by members of the congregation and later restored. After the war the church was in danger of being declared redundant, but the persistence of parishioners had effect and now the church is in course of rebuilding. The flower garden which has been laid around the church is one of Chelsea's showpieces.

A PLAN TO RESTORE "THE TOLSEY" IN BURFORD : A proposal to restore this quaint building in the Oxfordshire town has been made and the parish council are appealing for funds. Dating from the fifteenth century, the house has been both Town Hall and a prison. More recently, the lower half was filled in and used as a fire station. If the proposal is carried out, the stone pillars, which were originally the only support, will be strengthened to withstand the vibration of traffic.

A COACH CRASH AT HENLEY : Twenty-six of the twenty-nine passengers were injured when the coach, bound for Maidenhead from Birmingham, overturned while descending the dual-carriageway at Bix Hill. After the crash, uninjured and slightly injured passengers, assisted by passing motorists, helped other passengers from the coach. The driver also helped but later collapsed from concussion. Five passengers and the driver were detained in hospital after the crash.

THE EAST CROYDON EXPRESS : Passengers boarding an "express" bus on the 130 route from a housing estate at New Addington to East Croydon Station. This service, which is being run as an experiment, covers the six miles in twenty-one minutes, compared with the normal twenty-eight minutes. Only five stops are made.

AN ITALIAN CRUISER LYING OFF PLYMOUTH : The cruiser *Raimondo Montecuccoli* is the first Italian warship to visit Plymouth since before the war. On entering the harbour she fired a twenty-one-gun national salute and, later, a seventeen-gun salute to the C.-in-C. Plymouth Command. A reply was fired from the naval saluting battery at Eastern Kings. The cruiser berthed alongside *Vanguard*.

A DRY-DOCK IN MID-OCEAN

A Dock-Landing Craft of the United States Navy performs its varied duties off Japan

The dock-landing ships of the United States Navy perform a surprising number of different tasks and carry a large variety of equipment. Not only are they able to take on board, and service in mid-ocean, landing craft of every shape and size, but they can transport up to eighteen landing craft from one place to another, taking them aboard and releasing them at sea. In addition to this, some of the ships, like the *White Marsh* illustrated here, can accommodate and service helicopters. When taking a landing craft on board the dock-landing ships open their stern gates and flood their docking well. The landing craft enters and the well can then be pumped dry to make what is in effect a dry-dock in mid-ocean. Large cranes are used to haul smaller vessels bodily on board.

A VERSATILE SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY : The dock-landing ship *White Marsh*, seen during an exercise near Yokosuka, Japan.

A TANK-LANDING CRAFT ENTERS THE MOTHER SHIP FOR SERVICING : The great jaws at the stern of the *White Marsh* are opened to receive a landing craft, complete with tanks. Repairs which cannot normally be carried out at sea are made possible.

HELICOPTERS CAN ALSO BE SERVICED : As a helicopter prepares to land on the platform, dock-landing craft circle while waiting to enter the flooded docking-well of the *White Marsh*. Up to eighteen landing craft can be carried.

THE DOCKING-WELL OF THE DOCK-LANDING SHIP : This is the view from a landing craft entering the mother ship for servicing and repair. The *White Marsh* transports a number of craft, both on deck and in her well, and carries a full range of spares.

ANOTHER METHOD OF DEALING WITH SMALLER CRAFT : Smaller vessels are taken on board and are lowered into the water by the two 35-ton cranes carried by the dock-landing ship. This landing craft is being lowered into the water for a landing exercise.

DESERT TRANSPORT IN THE OLD AND NEW STYLE : During a pause in their journey, cars carrying out research into the performance of petrol and oil under high atmospheric conditions in the Sahara are watched by Arabs with camels. The cars are two of a fleet of eight sent out recently by the British Petroleum Company on road tests in Algeria. Their task has now been completed and the results are being studied at the Company's Research Station at Sunbury, near London. Teams of scientists from the station manned the cars for the tests, which were held in three main areas—round Bou Saada, on the edge of the Sahara ; on Mount Chrea, in the Saharan Atlas Mountains—for climbing trials ; and at Affreville, near Algiers. The vehicles were either of British, French, German or American manufacture. Each was specially fitted with devices for recording the temperature of any part of the engine. One of the chief purposes of the tests was to discover more about vapour-locking tendencies in hot temperatures. Specially blended fuels were shipped from Britain and the results from them related to commercial fuels. Later this year comparable tests are to be carried out in Scandinavia to investigate the low-temperature end of the scale. It is hoped much will be learnt about the effect of cold weather on engine-starting and warming-up.

Testing Fuel in the Sahara

Scientists Driving Through the Desert Gain Valuable Knowledge about Petrol and Oils

TESTING TEMPERATURES : By turning the switch in the box device, in centre, the temperature at up to twenty points in the car can be read.

DRIVING OVER THE SAND : Parts of the test routes followed by the British Petroleum scientists were actually in the desert itself. The cars seen here are being taken at high speeds along the edge of the Sahara.

GAUGING CONSUMPTION : Oil is being drained from the engine after a test and then weighed on the scales to calculate precisely the consumption.

AFTER THE DAY'S RUN : The engine of one of the British Petroleum Company's cars is being examined after a petrol-oil test run of 250 miles in a day.

UNDER THE HARDEST CONDITIONS : The car is going at speed along the twisting road to Bou Saada, on the edge of the Sahara. The hill-climbing tests on Mount Chrea provided every kind of mountainous condition, including hairpin bends and very steep roads. Comparison between hill tests and those on the level showed vapour lock more likely to occur on hills.

A PROPOSAL TO SLOW DOWN TRAFFIC

This Plea is Put Forward to the Committee which is Reviewing the 30 m.p.h. Speed Limit; Accident Figures; Two British 1,500 cc. Family Saloons and a Problem in the Export Market

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THERE is no doubt at all that there was less traffic congestion during the busiest-ever August Bank Holiday week-end than on many of the previous Bank Holiday periods when traffic was lighter.

I think several important factors contributed to this. Many motorists, for instance, started their journeys earlier in the day and set out for home long before their usual departure time. This was undoubtedly inspired by previous bitter experience. These motorists wanted to avoid the "rush hours" at all costs, even at the expense of getting the whole family up earlier and leaving the seaside or inland beauty spots long before the clock decreed.

The weather helped, too, of course. Traffic moves faster on dry roads, drivers see better and they remain in better humour. There was also plenty of further evidence of the newly intensified determination of the police to "Keep the traffic moving"—to borrow the excellent *Daily Mail* slogan. Press publicity also helped enormously.

The Pedestrians' Association would like to slow down the traffic. This self-appointed body, whose membership figure does not entitle it to speak so dogmatically on behalf of pedestrians as a whole, are opposed to speed all the time. The Association sees speed only as a danger.

It never admits that speed—in the right place, at the right time—can cut Britain's mounting road accident figures. Its latest plea is for a 20 m.p.h. speed limit through all busy shopping centres, as well as a 30 m.p.h. limit in all other built-up areas. The Association has put forward this view to the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee, which has been charged by the Minister of Transport with the task of reviewing the twenty-one-year-old 30 m.p.h. speed limit in the London area, particularly in regard to the main traffic arteries.

A more sober and better-reasoned proposal has been sent to the investigating committee by the County Councils Association, which represents all the county councils in England and Wales except the London County Council. It wants differential speed limits, not merely in London but all over the country.

It says the 30 m.p.h. limit applies to many stretches of road on which higher speeds would be quite safe and on which the limit is at present disregarded to an extent which brings the law into disrepute. On the other hand, it would like to see a 45 m.p.h. limit on some roads where at present motorists can go as fast as the traffic allows. The Association says a 45 m.p.h. limit would be beneficial on some of these roads, on which very high speeds are not uncommon.

"These high speeds are dangerous to pedestrians crossing the roads, particularly near bus stops, and yet on many such stretches of road it would be unreasonable to impose a 30 m.p.h. limit," the Association says. In brief, raise the 30 m.p.h. limit to 45 m.p.h. on roads in some so-called built-up areas and clap on a 45 m.p.h. limit on some arterial roads, such as the Kingston by-pass, Western Avenue and Great West Road.

The project has merit and must be carefully studied. Surely no one on the Traffic Advisory Committee will deny that it is time we revised the Road Traffic Act, 1934, which arbitrarily imposes a 30 m.p.h. limit wherever street lamps are not more than 200 yards apart, irrespective of any other consideration.

Roads and speed limits figured in the speech made by Dr. Heinz Nordhoff, chief of the Volkswagen factory in Germany, during the celebrations at Wolfsburg to mark the completion of the firm's 1,000,000th car recently. His criticisms of German roads, in spite of the fact that the country's 1,400 miles of motor roads are the envy of British motorists, could well have been part of a speech by a member of Britain's Roads Campaign Council! He even supported the idea that new roads should be financed by public loan. And he said: "To impose speed limits—now, as always, the pet of most policemen or those with policemen's mentality—is an admission of failure to overcome the main problem. As a result, there is no improvement. Instead, traffic becomes more congested and dangerous."

As I heard the Volkswagen chief utter these words I thought about our own accident figures. Those for the first six months of 1955 are very disturbing. It was the blackest half-year since before the war. Road casualties totalled 114,997. That is 12,777, or 12½ per cent. more than in the first half of 1954. Deaths numbered 2,292. That is an increase of 186.

A simple sum shows that twelve people were killed on the roads of Britain—on the average—every day in every month from January to July. Every week saw a disaster comparable to that at Le Mans. But because the carnage is unspectacularly spread over the whole country every day, every week, every month—yes, and every year—the public conscience stirs but little and our Ministers of the Crown go their way.

In May alone 73 children were killed and 999 seriously injured! Yet in their Press notice recording this and other tragic facts about the great Road Slaughter, the Ministry of Transport dismiss this pathetic aspect of the accident statistics with these cold, dispassionate words:

"To avoid a further increase in casualties while schoolchildren are on holiday, the Ministry asks parents to impress on children the need for extra care when cycling or walking along roads with which they are not familiar. Motorists are asked to keep a particularly sharp lookout for children." And so on. Just enough to salve their consciences, instead of pressing on urgently with the three E's of road safety. Know what they are?

Education, Engineering and Enforcement. I say our Education is not sufficiently imaginative and forceful; that our Engineering is on a criminally inadequate scale; and that Enforcement is timid and unrealistic.

For instance: Shouldn't parents be *made* to see that their children keep off the roads or cross them cautiously? And if they don't and a child is killed, shouldn't the parents of that child be hauled up before the court and made to account for their negligence? Instead, if it is a motorist who has knocked the child down, the wicked driver is hauled up for trial if the police can find the slightest justification for doing so.

I have recently been driving around at various times in two 1,500 cc. family saloons—the Austin Cambridge and the Singer Hunter—which illustrate one of the problems Britain is up against in meeting foreign competition in the export markets.

This problem stems from the British motorist's liking for having plenty of different cars to choose from. Remember what an outcry there was when a Socialist Government tried to get the British car manufacturers to cut down the number of different models they were building. What I 'm getting at is this: the Cambridge and the Hunter are only two of a wide choice of British cars of 1½ litres (and there 's a good selection in other engine sizes, too). In addition, I can think of the Vauxhall Wyvern, the Ford Consul, M.G. Magnette, Morris Oxford and Riley.

Now one of Britain's biggest headaches in the export field is the Volkswagen, which owes much of its success to the fact that the V.W. factory confines itself to the one model, and gets the benefits of a bigger spread-over of production costs (which are lower anyway). V.W. has now built a million Volkswagens. It is currently building at the rate of 1,200 a day. As the factory is working a 17-hour, two-shift day, that means more than one car every working minute. (And they make commercial vehicles, too.)

To get back to the Cambridge and the Hunter. . . . The Austin is a fine example of a British mass-produced car. It costs £508, or £720 15s. with tax. The Singer is a good example of the products of an independent British firm which counts in hundreds when the "Big Six" think in thousands. The Hunter costs £687 10s., or £975 including tax.

Here are a few comparative details.

	Cambridge	*Hunter*
Brake horse-power ..	50 at 4,400	58 at 4,600
Top speed	73 m.p.h.	75 m.p.h.
Weight (unladen) ..	20½ cwt.	22¾ cwt.
Fuel consumption ..	28 m.p.g.	24 m.p.g.
Fuel tank	8¾ gallons	10 gallons

One big difference between the two cars is that the Cambridge has no chassis frame, while the Hunter has. This helps to make the Singer heavier but gives the car a good, solid feeling. There is, in fact, a satisfying sense of solidity and quality about the whole car. The doors, for instance—and the luggage boot.

The Hunter includes in its basic price a number of accessories and fitments normally regarded as "extras" and uses a plastic material for the bonnet top and side valances to save weight and reduce drumming. There 's no doubt the Hunter has a good engine, with a long life. The overhead valves are operated by a camshaft. Those of the Cambridge are worked by push rods.

Undoubtedly they are two good cars, designed for motorists of a different kind.

TWO 1,500 cc. FAMILY SALOONS: These models "illustrate one of the problems Britain is up against in meeting foreign competition in the export markets." *Left*—The Austin Cambridge is a fine example of a British mass-produced car. *Right*—The Singer Hunter is a good example of the products of an independent British firm which counts in hundreds when the "Big Six" think in thousands. Top speed of the Cambridge is 73 m.p.h., its fuel consumption is 28 m.p.g. The Hunter does 75 m.p.h., and 24 m.p.g. The Cambridge costs (with tax) £720 15s., the Hunter, £975.

Finally, this week, congratulations are due to:

Silver City Airways on the first birthday of their private aerodrome—Ferryfield, near Lydd, in Kent—and on their own seventh birthday. . . .

Mr. Roger Gresham-Cooke, former director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, now M.P. for Twickenham, on his election to the board of Rootes Ltd., the world marketing company for the Rootes Group. . . .

Mr. M. J. Tustin, forty, former R.A.F. officer, recently with the Ford Motor Co. as Product Manager, on his appointment as Director and General Manager of the Standard Motor Co. . . .

Mr. Fred Thwaites, Australian author, on getting to Australia safely from London in a Hillman Husky with his family; and to Mr. Geoffrey Alridge and Mr. John Cameron who have reached Calcutta from London in another of these splendid little estate cars.

LORD NUFFIELD PREFERS TO USE A SMALL PRE-WAR CAR: He is seen beside the 1939 Wolseley 8 which he has been using for the past sixteen years. Seventy-seven-year-old Lord Nuffield prefers to use the Wolseley 8 as he says it does all he requires and is small enough to be parked almost anywhere. Although the Wolseley 8 went into production in 1939 it was not on sale until after the war.

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ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST MODERN MOTOR RACING TRACKS NEARS COMPLETION : *Above and on left*—Part of the northern bend of the new Monza Track, near Milan, which is nearing completion. It will be opened in September by the Italian President. The partly completed banking in the picture above has a gradient of 4 in 5. Cars here will be capable of speeds of over 150 m.p.h. Experts say that higher speeds than 180 m.p.h. will be possible. Work on the new track began last March and over 2,500 workmen and technicians have been engaged on the site. The main work at the moment is on the two major curves which will provide the main thrills for spectators. Wooden sleepers have been used in the construction of many banks and curves, but in addition, 40,000 cwt. of concrete has been used as well as 250 tons of steel. Following the Le Mans disaster, special attention has been paid to safety measures. Subways for spectators to move from one side of the track to the other are being built. Other buildings will include a club, swimming-pool, restaurants, and a post office.

BUILDING CURVES FOR THRILLS

Work Proceeds on Italy's New Monza Track, Near Milan ; a Lucky Escape at Belfast ; Improvements at Brands Hatch ; and the Debut of a Three-wheeler

A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR A DRIVER IN THE CRAIGANTLET INTERNATIONAL HILL-CLIMB NEAR BELFAST : Ian Wilson is uninjured when his Ford Special crashes and somersaults during the race. *In the top picture* spectators watch anxiously as the car crashes and begins to turn over. Policemen on the extreme right of the picture prepare to rush to the scene of the crash. *Centre*—The somersault complete, Wilson, who had been partly thrown from the car, begins to crawl from the wreck. *Bottom*—While marshals and policemen set about righting the car, Wilson, none the worse for his crash, except for minor cuts and bruises and the loss of his shoes, walks from the wreck accompanied by a nurse.

BRITAIN'S FIRST PERMANENT SPECTATORS' GRAND STAND FOR MOTOR RACEGOERS : Seating over 2,000 people, it is at the Brands Hatch circuit in Kent. The two-storey building covers 12,000 sq. ft. and incorporates three refreshment bars, and offices. Costing £40,000, it has been built and equipped with over 1,500 tip-up seats in less than four months. Mr. Kenneth Gregory, secretary of the British Racing and Sports Car Club, says that it provides spectators with the best racing view in Europe. Spectators in the back seats are 26 ft. above track-level and those in the front are elevated 18 ft. It was designed by Mr. John Hall, Managing Director of the circuit.

On left—

A NEW THREE-WHEELER ON SHOW IN LONDON : It is the Powerdrive three-wheel car which is retailed at £317 10s., plus purchase tax of just over £64. The overall length of the new car is nearly 12 ft., its width is 4 ft. 7 ins., and its height is 4 ft. 4 ins. It is powered by a British Anzani twin-cylinder two-stroke 322 cc. engine. This (with the gear-box unit) is mounted on the chassis and drives the rear wheel direct, by endless roller chain. With a cruising speed of 50 m.p.h. and a maximum speed of 65 m.p.h., the petrol consumption is 65 m.p.g. The petrol tank has a capacity of 5¼ gallons.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SUMMING UP BALMORAL

Mr. Ivor Brown has Written Its History in an Entertaining Story; and a Selection of Novels Including Several of American Authorship

CENTENARIES abound, so that the fact that on September 7, 1855, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert took up their residence in the Castle of Balmoral, which they had rebuilt "on a perfectly chosen site beside the Aberdeenshire Dee," seems as good an excuse as any to sum it all up in a book. It could, of course, be dull, as uninspired as the architecture of the house itself, as tedious as a Scottish Sunday in the nadir of Victorian stolidity. That it is nothing of the sort is entirely to the credit of Mr. Ivor Brown, who couldn't write a dull word if he tried and who loves the place, from the Linn of Dee down to the granite port of Aberdeen, for he was born and bred thereabouts.

It was here that Victoria spent the most ecstatic hours of her passionately happy life with her beloved Albert, and equally beloved children. That its inaccessibility was a sore trial to her ministers (although Gladstone seemed to like it; walking twenty-three miles a day in his middle sixties), and that she was criticised vigorously in public and vociferously in private for her addiction to the place, only seemed to intensify the tenacity with which she clung to it throughout her widowhood. Her descendants, with perhaps the sole exception of Edward VIII, were equally devoted and to-day the castle is more lived in than ever it has been.

Mr. Ivor Brown has re-created its history in a delectable story, BALMORAL (Collins. 18s.), which ranges from its feudal origins to the tourist besiegings of the present day. He writes learnedly and with elegance and wit. He can even explain the multiplicity of those stone monuments which bestrew the grounds and the mountain-sides, memorials to assorted types, such as the egregious John Brown, or a favourite dog, by saying that: "The Scots, being well supplied with stony ground, are accustomed to expressing their emotions in monoliths, cairns, and the like." He is even more entertaining when he takes on the "Balmorality" school, who would banish all Highland customs, tartans, reels, and the like, to the Kailyard. True to type, he includes a chapter on theatrical occasions, drawing on the reminiscences of Mr. Allan Aynesworth and some memorable visits from the company of "Mr. George Alexander." And the book is none the worse for that.

Absurd as it is to contemplate, the fact is that Greece has become *chic*. More than a hundred years ago it was a distinguished calling place, as it were, for the English nobility and gentry—I except Lord Byron's great and selfless devotion—and since then it has been, for the majority of English people, only a distant dream, if that. Now it is the new focus of travel agencies, the objective of yachtsmen, of English and American tourists and of novelists. Recently and perhaps inevitably, a Hollywood company filmed the story of the Odyssey. Now Mr. George Johnston, an Australian writer at present living in Greece, writes a novel about an American archæologist, a Greek millionaire and an English scholar, all bent on making a film of the life of Agamemnon, and all, incidentally, proving that truth is not only stranger than fiction, but gets there first.

THE CYPRIAN WOMAN (Collins. 12s. 6d.), as even the unerudite may know, was Aphrodite, Goddess of Love, and she is represented with some cynicism as the handsome and promiscuous lady who has written a book (from which the film will be made), and who demonstrably knows a good deal about the ancient Greeks. With this Christine Lambert, the donnish Stephen Colvin has a rather unsatisfactory affair and this, together with the advances of a lovely Greek girl, the enmity of her scapegrace brother, the jealousy of a professional guide who has been one of Christine's many lovers, and the general atmosphere of disillusioned Greek courtesy make almost as tangible a background for Mr. Johnston's story as the hills, coast and ruins which he describes with such real affection. To the amateur of colour effects in writing I would recommend, by the way, this author's scenes of rough or smooth seas and brilliantly painted *caiques*, the Greek fishing boats, which are no less romantic in appearance for having stout engines as well as sails.

Mr. Edward Newhouse is an American novelist, still, one trusts, near the beginning of his career, who has an admirably controlled style, considerable grace of expression and that succinct power of dialogue for which many writers have envied Mr. Maugham and Mr. Hemingway. In this kind of dialogue, although it is laconic and undecorated and therefore as naturalistic as possible, the action is not held up while the characters talk, as in the mid-Victorian convention, but actually advanced and the situation developed with every one of their utterances. It sounds such a simple trick, too, until you try it.

THE TEMPTATION OF ROGER HERIOTT (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the tale of a very pleasant fellow who, partly through his own merits and partly through his well-placed connections has, after his war service, been appointed executive secretary of one of those big foundations which exist in America to distribute, in an intelligent way, the immense fortunes accumulated in the days when such things were still possible. Roger is no fool; he is amiable, a man of principle who would be embarrassed if forced to list his tenets of faith, and a man who enjoys the business of living. He has two delightful children, very well drawn these, and one of those wives who are probably charming young women, even in the author's view, but depressing to read about.

To Roger appear out of the blue the threats of new pressures and, indeed, temptations. His wife's father, now a Texan millionaire and since childhood hated by her, offers to give her 200,000 dollars, which she furiously rejects and Roger, quite understandably, thinks she might accept. In his work the problem involves another set of principles He is asked, not overtly but by subtle suggestion, to pass over the claims of a young violinist, a boy prodigy, because of a small misdeed which has offended one of the Founder's relations. At the risk of losing his job, Roger stands firm on this, as firm as his wife on the subject of the legacy, and after that drama subsides into the everyday anti-climax. Roger's candidate is given the award, Roger, for other reasons of policy, is confirmed in his appointment, and his father-in-law dies without making the new will. The reader is left, however, *not* with an anti-climax but with a whole, believable group of people whom he can feel that he knows even if, as in everyday life, he doesn't understand them all. And that, in my submission, is the mark of a very gifted writer indeed.

THE WHITE SAND OF SHIRAHAMA (Macmillan. 11s. 6d.) is another novel of American authorship, but it has an exotically different setting for its recital of the rights and wrongs of a number of unremarkable people, most of them engaged in the far from banal business of being Christian, and evidently Non-Conformist, missionaries to the Japanese. Mr. Kenneth Lamott, who writes about them, was himself the son of American missionaries and was born in Tokyo though, one gathers, he now lives in California. As they are apt to say in that country of free enterprise, "I think he 's got something there."

The Shirahama of the title is a Japanese seaside village which is not only much frequented by missionaries on holiday but adopted by them to such a degree that outsiders are apt to be tolerated, if they are schoolmasters, like one of the characters in this case, or ostracised, if they are free-drinking, free-speaking couples such as the Kirbys of the story, whose marriage is breaking up and who come to the place as what one might be allowed to call a last resort. It is all fairly depressing, I thought, except for the descriptions of sea and scenery and houses, and the admirable picture of Mr. Fujii, the store-keeper with the enquiring mind, who reads Hume and Berkeley, and takes the view that Dr. Johnson is a fairly frivolous figure. In other words, it might be said that where Mr. Lamott is writing as nearly as possible from the life, whether natural or human, he can really be good.

From a Japanese island, all seaweed and pines, shutters and intolerance, to Mr. Warwick Deeping's gentle, but never genteel, impressions of a Victorian Southend; another kind of watering-place, with a different set of scruples but with at least as lusty and vivid a life animating its shores. CAROLINE TERRACE (Cassell. 9s. 6d.), is a dramatic story of a girl who comes to the little town as a governess to two insufferable children, and sets out to earn her yearly salary of twenty pounds with the unhappy knowledge that she is the daughter of a convicted murderer, and that the truth when inevitably it comes out, will mean her dismissal.

The end of that work, however, is far from being the end of Isabella's career, for she is befriended by an elderly eccentric, courted by the *beau* of the town and by its unsophisticated parson, persuaded against her fastidious inclinations to nurse during an epidemic, and finally discovers her true security and happiness with her cleric in one of those same little terrace houses. Like so much of Mr. Warwick Deeping's writing, this is, above all else, a kindly book. However, that does not preclude its being, at the same time, a very perceptive study of ordinary, fallible and likeable human beings.

PABLO PICASSO PRESIDES OVER A BULLFIGHT ON THE RIVIERA: He is seen (third from right) taking part in the festivities in the Place des Ecoles, at Vallauris, near Cannes. Next to him is Jean Cocteau. The bullfights, watched by about 2,000 holidaymakers, took place in a dusty makeshift arena. But for the crowd the particular interest was the presence of Picasso who, during the proceedings, snapped his fingers in time with guitar music.

Miss Ruth Chatterton has had extremely successful careers as both a stage and a screen actress, and recently has been exploring the possibilities of fiction writing. With two popular novels already to her credit, Miss Chatterton gives us THE PRIDE OF THE PEACOCK (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), which is about a beautiful and capricious woman and the havoc the poor thing makes of her life. I say "poor thing" advisedly, for this, whether by design or not, is a highly moral tale in its conclusions and shows clearly that no amount of social success or romantic elopements or dazzling good looks can bring the peace provided by a good husband and a good home. Nevertheless (for moral tales are held to be out of fashion), this present-day Connecticut and New York romance is extremely readable, and has been written with a good deal of the zest and warmth that made Miss Chatterton's acting so pleasant to recall.

THE CANDIDATE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.) is a very different kind of American novel: a study of an American politician whose career is heading towards that immensely responsible position, the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Martin Mayer writes knowledgeably and tersely about the things which make statesmen and editors, lawyers and photographers tick, and also about some of the less ponderable factors, such as the love of women and children, which may slow that ticking down from time to time. Not a particularly reassuring story, but an effective piece of work.

Mr. John Dickson Carr has written a Napoleonic thriller in CAPTAIN CUT-THROAT (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.). The time is 1805, the setting the Emperor's camp on the cliffs near Boulogne, and the basic tension is supplied by the circumstance that, while the world waits for Napoleon to invade England across the Channel, he is planning the march of the *Grande Armée* on Vienna. Foxy Fouché, Minister of Police, is the prime mover in the novel's plot and it is with his machinations and their effect on the English hero and the Alsatian villain that the story is mainly concerned. Mr. Carr conveys the appearance and some of the feeling of that period of the First Empire, but has a less felicitous touch with its personages.

TOUR DE FORCE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is Miss Christianna Brand's new detective story and it is to be recommended in spite of the fact that the principal pivot of the mystery is one of those tired old impersonation dodges. I really thought that Phillips Oppenheim —or was it William le Queux?—had put paid to that venerable device, but Miss Brand has brought it out and dusted it off and, I must admit, spun a very ingenious tale round it. I read every word of the book with the closest attention, enjoyed even its less probable moments and, as before, relished the humour which is peculiarly and delightfully this author's own.

TRAVEL BOOKS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS

THE SOUTH HAMS, by Margaret Willy (Robert Hale. 18s.), is the latest addition to the Regional Books. Like all in this series it is excellent in its information, illustrations and maps. This particular volume is also fascinating because it deals with a little-known and secluded part of Devon, south of Dartmoor and west of Torbay.

For those going further afield, Stephen Clissold offers a knowledgeable guide in DENMARK (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.). He sub-titles his book "The Land of Hans Andersen," but besides telling of that great author's associations with his country, he relates a great deal of unusual and interesting information about the history, culture and social life of Denmark. Illustrated.

Another new travel book, GREECE INVITES, by Monica Krippner (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), is a carefully documented guide with many pictures. The author takes us round most of the country and the book will doubtless be useful to those who approach Hellas with little classical education.

THE SECRETS OF HAPPINESS, compiled and edited by Richard Collier (The World's Work, 1913, Ltd. 5s.), is a symposium in the form of radio discussions by eminent people. Whether the scripts have been broadcast is not clear.

On a more material level, the new and Fourth Edition of HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT (Chapman and Hall. 48s.) is an encyclopædia of practical knowledge. The authors, Louise Jenison Peet and Lenore Sater Thye, discuss such vital necessities as kitchens, cooking ranges, laundry and lighting. Very readable and with illustrations and diagrams, this is a really useful book.

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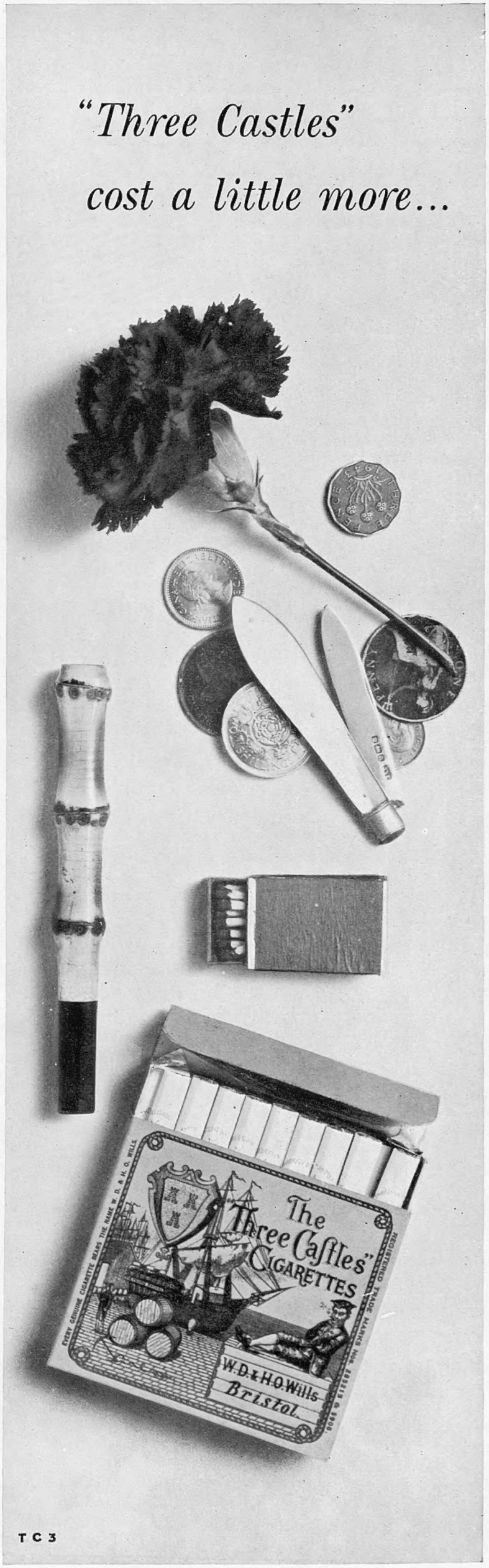

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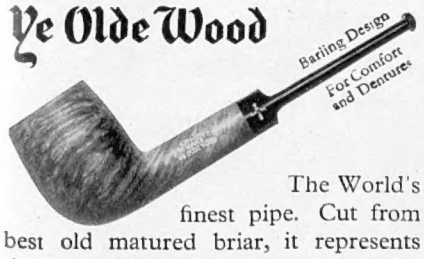

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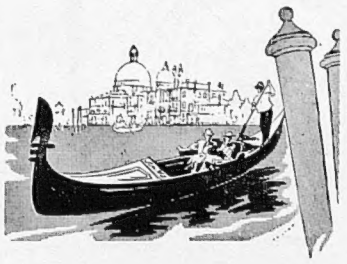

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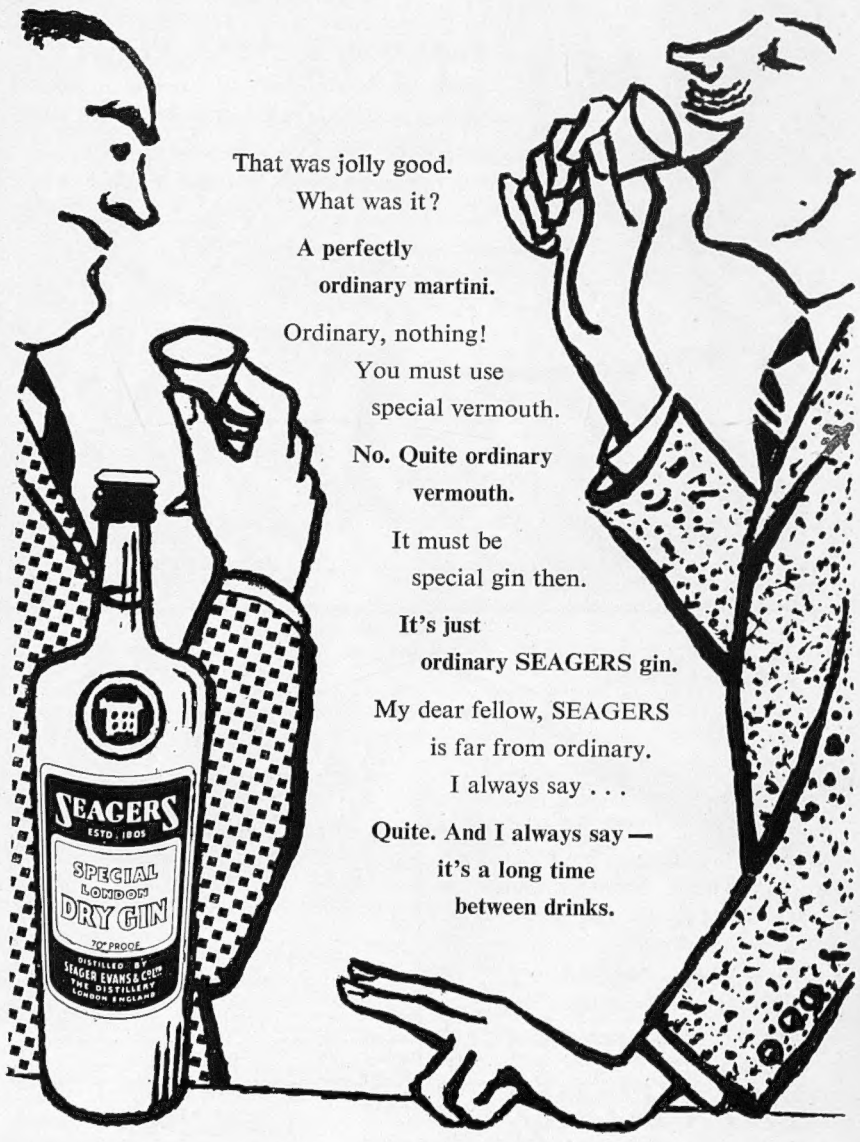

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It must be special gin then.

It's just ordinary SEAGERS gin.

My dear fellow, SEAGERS is far from ordinary. I always say . . .

Quite. And I always say— it's a long time between drinks.

P8

Seager Evans & Co. Limited, The Distillery, London SE8

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There are also Tailored Coats and a range of Cardigans, Pullovers, etc. with elbows and cuffs reinforced with Nylon.

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First, fill up with Shell with I.C.A. Do not expect an imme[illegible] provement, but second, fill up with Shell again. This will [illegible]nce to work on the deposits already in your cylin[illegible]

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A million people accepted it.

The result? A million people are convinced that Shell with I.C.A. is the most completely satisfactory petrol they have ever used.

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HAVE YOU TRIED THE TWO-TANKFUL TEST?

SHELL

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THE MOST POWERFUL PETROL YOU CAN BUY

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British steel

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THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

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